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POEMS BY THE LATE JAMES WILLIAM MILLER.

THE FALL OF THE INDIAN—BY I. McLELLAN.

WE have rarely sat down to so melancholy a task as the notice of the posthumous volume before us. It is, under any circumstances, more than a pleasant sadness to reckon the barren accomplishments of the dead—to uncover, as it were, the broken and marred moulds of divine images—but when we have known the possessor, and exchanged with him, as we passed in our common walks, the pleasant courtesies of life, and known that of him which made him an object of interest and regard, this going back to his works, marking excellencies which but add to our regret that he is gone, and faults which we might not have seen had he lived till his judgment ripened, it is a sad task, and a painful one indeed. We knew Mr. Miller—though not intimately. We remember him as a person remarkable for his elegance, with a countenance less manly than refined, less handsome than interesting and modest. In the few words we exchanged with him, we were struck with the nice discriminations of his language, and the hesitating and shrinking diffidence of his address. He had the appearance of what he was—a man of exceeding sensitiveness, and great delicacy both of native disposition and culture. We always looked upon him as a man of that kind of genius which is out of place in common life, and which, at the same time that it interests and attracts you, excites your fear and pity. There is here and there such a man—beloved and idolized by his friends, and respected by the few who can understand him, but thought little of by the sterner judgments

that look for use and thrift in talent, and half despised by those whose coarse feelings and dull heads can love and honor nothing that is not bold and self-vindicatory.

The Biographical notice which prefaces the Poems, is exceedingly well written, and, delicate work as it is, done with excellent judgment. It speaks without reserve of the failings of its theme, but leaves, withal, an affecting impression upon the mind, favorable to the memory of the poet, and, what is more, instructive in the highest degree as a lesson to like temperaments. Who, with the world before him, and the inward shrinking from its conflict that a sensitive mind feels almost like a despair, can fail to understand the nature developed in the following comments?—

“The critic will readily discover many blemishes in the ensuing collection. The poems and sketches were mostly written to meet the exigencies of an immediate and pressing demand, consequently little time was afforded for revision even to one well disposed to revise; but their author was a poet from impulse, his whole conversation and all his thoughts were fanciful; his mind was like a delicate Æolian harp, which involuntarily pours forth its music to every breeze that sweeps over it, unrestrained by any rule of melody. It is doubtful whether such a man could ever have submitted to the patient and cautious task of correction. Mr. Miller's repugnance even at looking upon a manuscript a second time is well remembered. ‘I know,’ said he upon one occasion, ‘that it abounds with errors, but it is a faithful transcript of my thoughts at a moment very dear to me—I *cannot* alter it, and you *must* not.’ Feeling that the author is identified by these very errors, and respecting his injunction, I have foreborne to amend what could not be amended and remain the entire work of James Willam Miller; a very trifling change from the original will be discovered in some instances, but the volume is now presented to the friends of its writer as a precious legacy from a beloved companion, and to the public as the offspring of a luxuriant and elevated though unchastened genius.

“A sketch of Mr. Miller's life would be but a sketch of irresolution itself, except in his affection and principle. In these he was all firmness; but the predominant foible of his character, and one which attended almost every action of his chequered existence was indecision; of this no one was more fully aware than he; at a very early age writing to a friend, he says—‘Do you ask of myself? Here I am, a walking shadow. I have no settled plans for the future, and, notwithstanding my philosophical indifference, I am oppressed with a ceaseless weight of anxiety, irresolution, I know not what to call it—so as to render me totally unfit for the least enjoyment.’ Mr. Miller was twenty-seven years of age at his death, and during that short period he had been engaged in as many as eight different pursuits, none of which was prosecuted with sufficient perseverance to command success. He was emphatically a man of genius, and unhappily of that great number whose inclination and taste are forced to yield to the irresistible call of necessity. Speaking of himself he says—‘I have so long been my own master, (take that phrase in its most limited sense, for I cannot boast even of that,) and have so long been free from

any connection with men* in matters of pecuniary interest, that I dread again to mingle in worldly concerns. Most persons are agreeable, and oftentimes appear generous and noble; but when you clash with their interests, they universally disclose selfish and narrow hearts. For this reason I would keep as free as possible from all collision with them, and continue to admire their good qualities, without having my contempt excited by their bad ones. If I must come out and scramble with the crowd for a living, I think I should prefer some employment which would give me a comfortable salary for assiduous and faithful services. I would not shrink from any labor, however severe, that did not forcibly disclose the contemptible propensities of a large portion of mankind. I do not wish for seclusion, although I love it; I do not think it best for me; I would mingle with the world, but have no connection with it; I would be among men but not of them. This is not because I imagine myself superior to others; on the contrary, I am every day made more sensible of my inferiority in all that is useful to myself or others; and it is for this reason I would not enter upon a stage where I am not capable of acting well my part.'

"It will be perceived that the time which Mr. Miller should have given to the cultivation of his fine natural abilities, and the hours which should have been devoted to study and reflection, were all called for in the labor for subsistence. Here was a situation wherein a firm spirit would have triumphed, and substituted economy and system for means and opportunity; but unfortunately the mind of Mr. Miller, though remarkable for its strength and tenacity in literary labor, was quite incapable of bending to the dull and sober pursuits of life; and without the power wholly to subdue his desire for intellectual indulgence and yield to the call of prudence, by adopting a lucrative occupation, and destitute of the method successfully to combine one with the other, exertion in both proved fruitless and harassing."

We are inclined to think that the character is never so severely tried as at the entrance upon the business of life. There is nothing in the progress of a young man's education which at all prepares him for what he meets, face to face, the moment he sets his foot upon the threshold. Even supposing him to have been diligent and firm, he has fitted himself only for a Utopia—a world wherein talent is ever successful, and industry promptly rewarded, and honor the real as well as the apparent spring of action. He believes in himself and in the world, and he is destined to be deceived in both. To be true to himself is the task of an angel, and to make the world true to him is a dreamer's folly. A profession in the distance looks like a fair temple, on an ascent difficult but plain—far off, but accessible by constancy and direct effort. He does not dream of the phantoms that bar the way—Malice, and Envy,

* At this time he was studying Law at Middleboro' (or rather attempting to study,) secluding himself from society, and wandering about in the woods, forming plans destined never to be completed, and indulging dreams never to be realized.

and Detraction, and Misappreciation, and Fraud—spirits that blind the eye, and palsy the limbs, and bewilder the brain—that make the hope uncertain, and the heart sick, and throw between the panting aspirant and his aim, clouds of such dark misgiving, that the still prompting of a Good Angel alone could assure even his belief in its existence. And yet to be timid, to doubt oneself, to shrink from all this, though it be but to try other avenues and other powers, is to incur the stigma of indecision, to make friends doubt and despair of us, to give our enemies a triumph, and in the event lose all.

To the strongest and most iron-nerved this is a trial of fire. To him who has no other learning in his heart, no propensity more refined, no lurking taste for gentler and purer exercises of thought to win him aside from the coarse pursuits of ambition, even to him it is a Sisyphan task; but to a man like the subject of these comments, with every voice that is imperative in the ear, Duty, and Necessity, and Ambition, calling on him to press on, and every whisper that is eloquent in the heart beseeching him to turn aside to the sweet wells of poetry, and the elegant walks of fancy and self-culture—for him to stifle the whisper within, and listen, with a heart dying within him, to the coarse promptings without—is a self-sacrifice, a silent and unapplauded heroism which none but they who have been thus tried can measure or understand. Oh, it is not a light thing to forget the seductions of taste, and the quiet and heart-winning passions of the scholar. The love of books, we do not hesitate to say, will steal deeper into the heart than the love of woman or of fame. It is not always in our scholar-days, so to speak, that we feel it most. It is a passion which rarely ripens till manhood. The severe taste, the keen relish, the discriminating ear, the far-reaching association, the full and perfect comprehension of every fibre of the soul of genius, are gifts that ripen not early, and, like the Median apple, that diffuses its fragrance only in the cold, it is only when withered from their uses by necessity, that we feel their full beauty and value. What were the petty annoyances of life, the slander, the ungenerousness, the falsehood of our fellow men—what were even the heavy trials, nay, the bereavements of death, to him who had garnered his heart up in his books—who could enter his secluded library and forget—utterly forget, as he will—the very existence of the poor temporists about him? In the ages that are gone, demi-gods have lived—men who stepped aside from the degrading pursuits of their inferiors, and lifted up their naked souls to the light of truth, and in their temperate and full years, rose

with an accelerated and uninterrupted ascent to the order, we scarce fear to say, of angels. These men, philosophers and poets, Locke and Milton among them, have left us their converse in books ;—not all—not much of what they were to themselves and the few who were with them—but enough to be keys and talismans, by which they who have the inward assimilation can unlock more than they can understand, but enough to lift them immeasurably above the common grievances of life. Is it too much to say, that with such a world, in which the scholar can insphere himself—a world without Envy or Malice, or any bad passion—tranquil, and calm, and heavenly as the soul's own best desires—a world in which our Good Angel might spread his wings and leave us committed to the Spirit of Truth—is it too much to say, that such a world is worth the sacrifice of this—that fame, blotted as it is when we win it, and money, foul as its rust is upon the fingers, and the love of woman, mingled as it is with caprice and worldliness and weakness, are things well lost for it? And is it unworthy in the scholar, then, to check himself and falter on the threshold of life, and doubt whether his books are not better than goods so difficult and perishable, and the cultivation of his own soul than the pleasing of base minds and the winning of the soiled palms of ambition? But Poverty breathes in his ear, and father, and mother, and sister, and the troops of friends who depend on him, and wish him, in their worldly wisdom, well—all cry down his pleading wishes ; and tender-hearted as the human love of books has made him, he yields, and, without a heart for his work, wavers, and tries often, and wavers again, and is discouraged, and dies—and the world calls him weak and undecided !

We are aware that this may seem an extravagant picture to many. We know how few there are in this, and how few there have been in every age, to whom knowledge is anything but a necessity, and study anything but a toil. But we know also that there are minds, (some glorious ones in our own circle,) who feel to their hearts' core the golden pleasantness of books, and who could say with Cicero, *solatium præbent*, though money and friends were taken from them. Such will understand us. And we may say here, what will also be understood in this connection, that we fear we too often stray from the reviewer's track into the side paths, where we have been wont most to loiter. Our best apology is in the words of the Shepherd, speaking of another craft—"What a poet maist dearly and devoutly loves, about that wull the feck of his poetry be written ;" and if we are

condemned for it by those whose education was gained by rule, we must console ourselves in the chosen fellowship of the few, who, like us, having made Nature a first love, now turn to her bright image in books, with an affection more ardent, because not trite or sated.

We will extract here some remaining passages in the Biography :—

“ Few minds have a keener perception of the grand and the beautiful than Mr. Miller's possessed. The feeling seemed to be intuitive, and exhibited itself eloquently in his conversation and in his writings. For him there was poetry in the rustling of every leaf, in the flitting of every purple cloud, in the quivering of every blade of grass. His spirit appeared to revel and expand amid the solitary richness of a forest walk, or a stroll upon the sea-shore, and, most of all, amid the turbulence or the gentleness of his voyages over the great ocean. Take an instance from his last journal :—‘ In the heaviest of the gale, the yawl, which was lashed to the stern, was struck by a sea, as the ship settled down into a huge wave, and broken from its lashings, and so we lost it. It fell upright, and we saw it for some time, at intervals, borne upon the summits of the liquid hills, then sinking down, down into the abyss, as the waters melted away beneath it, only to rise again, humble and calm and secure—I could not help wishing to be in it. It seemed like some lowly but proud Contentment that rode unshaken and undisturbed upon the boisterous waves of life ; like one whose trust was stronger than the elements, and whose security was above the storms of the sea. There are two pictures which, if it ever be in my power, I will have painted. One is of a sunset in a gale of wind—‘ *The sun setting up his shrouds and backstays,*’ as the sailors say—which means, being interpreted, the sun on a wild day near its setting, screened from view by a mass of dark clouds, yet pouring down its rays from behind them or through interstices upon the bounds of the sea, so that the rays have somewhat the look of golden cords, arising from the ocean and converging to an unseen point. The marine phrase is the most expressive description I can give of the scene. It would make a most animated and beautiful picture. There should be no ship, no other thing except the sea and sky. All should be solitary, and grand, and eternal.

‘ Dark heaving, boundless, endless and sublime,’

says Byron of the ocean ; and of this ocean should be my picture, which should be hung up where I might sit and gaze upon it, until I could hear the roar of the waters, and forget that I was not bounding and tossing upon them. My other picture should be of ‘ *The Boat Adrift.*’ Yet I do not know that I should like this, because it would have a spring in it to touch and awaken memory. I would never have a picture of any scene or object that I had ever definitely seen before, lest it should have power to conjure melancholy remembrances, which are connected with every spot of earth I have ever trodden upon without exception. I must not turn to any thing real, if I would enjoy one moment's happiness. Yet the boat—in its calm and beautiful security, riding so tranquilly on the roused tempest of the ocean—that would be a noble and inspiring picture.’

“ For him too there was poetry in every delicate and high-wrought emotion of the human heart ; in its lofty aspirations, in its passionate love,

in its patient endurance, and in its quiet, but all absorbing tenderness. No man could more justly appreciate a generous spirit than Miller, and he might well do so, for in it he discovered something which he loved and honored, and found operating in his own bosom through every thought and action. Read the following description of a friend:—‘He goes to his office in the morning, and remains there until eleven o’clock at night; his life appears to be one unvaried round of wearisome toil, without interest or relaxation. I would much rather not live than pass my life as he does; yet he makes no complaint, but worn down with sickness and labor, constantly greets his friends with a smile of complacency, though his prospects are such as might fairly render him gloomy and discontented. What a lesson for me! How much more manly is this calm and cheerful resignation to the award of fate, than for one to be continually dwelling upon evils which cannot be avoided, and distressing oneself and friends with black pictures of human misery! S—— is in truth a strange and singular character; far removed from the common class of mankind, and I think far above them. He certainly possesses a very superior mind, highly cultivated; great prudence and forethought, combined with much keen sensibility and refined delicacy; his sentiments are noble and generous; and his feelings, though they have in some measure lost their ardency, are tender and purely virtuous; a friend true and firm at every season, an enemy mild and forgiving.’

“I have asserted that in his affection and principle Mr. Miller was all firmness. This remark will be supported by every one who knew him, and looked upon his character with eyes unclouded by envy or prejudice. His affection was the simple attachment of a child whose love springs only from its gratitude; and for all who exhibited towards him kindness or solicitude, Miller cherished undeviatingly the pure fondness of a child. His principle was unsullied. Errors he was guilty of it is true; weaknesses he labored under it is true; but they were the errors and weaknesses of nature and feeling, not voluntary departures from principle; and if any man could have safely exposed all his motives and all his actions to the scrutiny of his fellow-men, that person was James William Miller.

“Worn down by disquietude, and disappointed in his enterprises, Mr. Miller left Boston in December, 1828, in search of health and occupation; and after visiting several of the West India Islands, he settled upon one of them, having obtained a grant of land from the Spanish government. Here he applied himself diligently to the cultivation of his property, and at a moment when his prospects were assuming a brighter hue than they had worn for years, he was attacked by an illness which ended in death. So perished this amiable and highly-gifted young man; the delight of his friends—the pride and consolation of a widowed mother—the companion and gentle guide of his sisters—the beloved of all. Under other circumstances, with assistance and encouragement from the rich and influential, as another has truly said of him—‘he might have done his country high honor by his literary labors; for we never had a man of a purer or a finer spirit for that work.’”

We regret that this Biographical notice had not been fuller. In the hands of such a compiler, and with the peculiar traits of Mr. Miller’s character, and his peculiar history, it might have been extended much to the instruction of poets, and much to the correction of some abuses in society that call

loudly for more than the moralist's reproof. Mr. Miller, it is well known, left this country abruptly, at a time when apparently fair prospects were opening before him, to run a wild hazard of life for which his delicate habits unfitted him, for a reward most distant and visionary. The event is the best comment upon its hopelessness. He died in the attempt. Is it at all probable that this was caprice or recklessness? With a mind like his, capable of appreciating, as his biographer has shown us, the full merit of firmness, and after a failure in seven different pursuits, should he not have won experience enough at the eighth to look well about him, and summon every nerve to its constancy before he abandoned the last? The country he was going to was rude and sickly; the pursuits he was to engage in were coarse and repulsive; the language, the people, new to him; the prospects of success, too distant for any thing but desperation. What shall account for it?

We happen to have heard through mutual friends, much which may furnish a solution. We shall speak of it without hesitation, for it neither violates the *nil mortuis nisi bonum*, nor, if it did, should we much qualify our language, for precious as the memory of the dead is ever, the peace of the living is more precious.

Mr. Miller, we have said, was a man of eminent elegance and refinement. It is a sin for which none but a fool or a rich man is ever forgiven. He was born and educated in what is called a plain, respectable circle—one that, however it may include liberal and well-judging individuals, is mainly composed of those whose minds have never been expanded out, and whose feelings and opinions have been subjected to the same pinching ordeal with their external habits. It is uttering a truism to say that excellently virtuous as such people may be, they are upon all matters of taste the most illiberal and envious class in the world. Mr. Miller soon refined out of it. Matters of taste have no fellowship with mere matters of fact, though ever so honest. He found congeniality above them, and followed his impulses and rose. It needs no prophet to tell the result. He was looked at askance forever after. He had risen above their exact comprehension, and of the two opinions to be chosen between in such cases, pique and narrow-mindedness decided upon the more unfavorable. He was the subject to our knowledge of a thousand petty scandals, either wholly unfounded or founded on the most indifferent trifles. There are many ways in which such scandals are incurred by a man of a naturally elegant turn of mind, which, with less ground, have a more plausible color than any

other theme of gossip. His taste in dress for instance, enabling him with slight expense to outdo many a more lavish expenditure, he is called with apparent reason extravagant. His select economy, denying himself the costly and unseen pleasures of more sensual men for the sake of perhaps a single indulgence, which, while it is more in the world's eye, is deemed only a superfluity of the rich, is condemned in itself and taken as a specimen of others equally costly and unnecessary. An ordinary article of dress on such a man is worn with a grace which gives it to the eye of envy an extraordinary expensiveness. A pleasure taken by him is so timed and improved, that it leaves the impression of constant habit. His seasons of relaxation are chosen when the world is abroad, and beauty is visible, and gaiety prevails;—and though he spends no more time about it than the plainer man who selects more private hours and places, he is believed to be always idle. With the ardor of genius he throws himself rashly into intimacies, which, with the discrimination of taste, he soon finds it necessary to break—but in so doing he has made an unforgiving enemy of his deceiver. He goes through society like a child, opening his heart at the first smile, and closing it undisguisedly at the first chill, and his openness is mistaken for simpleness, and his recoil for caprice. The world is too cunning for him. He believes all semblances of honor real, and all professions truth, and unable to suppress his indignation when he discovers their falsehood, he wounds and exposes and stirs in the hearts of their authors a rankling and implacable hatred. The world never understands such feelings, and, with a natural error, misnaming that for which they have no key in their own bosoms, they call impulse fickleness, and honest truth deceitfulness and design. And where was ever Genius willing to stoop to argument upon its feelings? and where was ever Delicacy and Fervor willing to reason to the dull upon their own reality? and how of course should they not, a thousand times to one, be wronged and misunderstood?

We mention these as common attendant circumstances upon men of Mr. Miller's constitution and taste. There are many more, like and unlike them, to name which would be only subjecting ourselves, in the eyes of too many of the world, to the charge of pettiness and exaggeration. Petty as they seem however, they are quite sufficient, singly for the purpose we refer to. They irritate and wound and unsettle the fine frame of Genius. They disturb the repose of the mind, and compel it to think on them when the spirit should be feeding upon truth, and they destroy, by the impatience and dis-

content they bring with them, the very soul of peace, which in such tempers is also the very soul of health, bodily and mental. He tosses on his pillow, sleepless with thinking of them, and he walks abroad to get cheerfulness and refreshment, and is still haunted by them; and he sits down to his work, and if the slander is fresh and the channel more plausible than usual, the very inspiration of poetry is insufficient for forgetfulness. Is not this enough to poison all happiness? and if happiness is poisoned, is not every change, desperate and unaccountable as it may seem else, amply accounted for? We believe in our soul, that it was annoyances like these which drove Mr. Miller from among us. We can easily understand, how a foreign clime where he should never hear another voice familiar to him, nor be subjected to the impertinence of another comment, seemed a Paradise to him. And to this we owe his abandonment of his native land, and to this we owe, consequently, his death!

We shall not attempt to criticise the volume before us. There are fresh and vivid traces of genius throughout, and there are carelessnesses such as we should expect in poetry written, as most of his was, for periodicals, and published without a name. Had he lived, he might have convinced us more of his skill at the chisel, but he could not have bettered our opinion of his powers. We extract one or two pieces without much selection. The following stanzas are addressed to a Sweet Singer:—

“The blithe lark springeth to the morning cloud,
Shrouding his dark wing in the splendid mist;
Yet droppeth to the earth, clear, sweet and loud,
His pleasant carolings o’er hearts that list.”

Like to that lark, with morning on his breast,
Soareth the light-plumed spirit of thy lay;
And our upreaching souls are bathed and blest,
And filled with song, as with the gush of day.”

This is very fresh and sweet—addressed to an Old Play-Place:—

“I come, I come, bright, sparkling fount
To fling me on thy grassy side,
And drink, as I in youth was wont,
New life from thy pure tide;
And in thy cool, translucent wave,
My parched, thought-fevered forehead lave.

Loved fountain, thou art dear to me,
For hallowed memories are thine;
And in thy voice of pensive glee

Shall breathe a hymn divine ;
A hymn that flings upon the heart
Old feelings that too soon depart.

A thousand, sweet imaginings
Shall bloom among thy margin-flowers ;
And thy fair streamlet as it sings
Down to the hazel bowers
Shall tell me gay and happy tales
Of youth—like summer's morning gales.

I come ! my aching head is hot
With tossing on a sleepless bed ;
I come, but ah ! I hear thee not—
Where are thine echoes fled !
What, silent all ! and is there none
To wake for me one soothing moan !

I come ! Such is my wayward fate
I stand beside thine ancient place
All silent now and desolate—
But yet there is a grace,
Though mournful, in the weeds that wave
Above it as above a grave.

I knew thee when the smile of youth
Was thine, and thou didst glad the eye
And make the bosom still—in sooth
I deemed not *thou* wouldst die
So soon ; but now these old, gray stones
Seem like a charnel-pile of bones.

And one might deem thy lucid flow
Was like a young and happy heart,
That in life's shaded vale of wo
Sparkled awhile—to part
Alas, how swiftly, and go forth
Like thee forever from the earth.

Oh ! it is sad to look upon
The play-place of our boyish hours,
And mark what wasting change hath run
As fire amid its bowers,
And seared its greenwood-tree, and left
A trunk all blackened and bereft.

And sadly I remember now
When, as gushed forth that fountain tide,
I chased in childhood's eager glow
The wild bee by its side ;
*And loved, I knew not why, to bound
Its verdant, sunlit marge around.*

Years rolled, and growing manhood's seal
Sat on my brow—alluring FAME

Breathed out for me her bugle-peal,
 And then again I came—
The gushing fount still bubbled out,
The rill went on its shining route—

As erst it went ; yet one might know
 The foot of TIME had trodden there ;
 The ripples flashed no sunlight now,
 And a tall grove afar
 Spread out its leafy canopy,
 And whispered as the breeze went by.

Yet still I loved the spot, and when
 The Sabbath morn was on the hills,
 In deeper silence down the glen
 More swiftly stole the rills ;
 The cool recesses heard me tell
 High hopes and dreams I loved too well.

Now other years have wandered by—
 Once more I come—my boyhood's dream
 Hath fled away from manhood's eye
 As sun-rays from the stream ;
 Yet would I fain once more renew
 Those hopes and those loved visions too.

The shades of youth's departed days
 Still love the places of their birth,
 And kindly send some tranquil rays
 To cheer those spots of earth ;
 I come to summon them again
 To their beloved haunts—in vain !

And as I stand in sadness here,
 In sadness stand when to rejoice
 I came—this tomb-like silence drear
 Hath a prophetic voice—
 'Thus desolate thy bower of joy—
 The fountain of thy hopes thus dry.' ”

This is also very simple and beautiful—to a Shower :—

“ The pleasant rain !—the pleasant rain !
 By fits it plashing falls
 On twangling leaf and dimpling pool—
 How sweet its warning calls !
 They know it—all the bosomy vales,
 High slopes, and verdant meads ;
 The queenly elms and princely oaks
 Bow down their grateful heads.

The withering grass, and fading flowers,
 And drooping shrubs look gay ;
 The bubbly brook, with gladlier song,
 Hies on its endless way ;

All things of earth—the grateful things !
Put on their robes of cheer,
They hear the sound of the warning burst,
And know the rain is near.

It comes ! it comes ! the pleasant rain !
I drink its cooler breath,
It is rich with sighs of fainting flowers
And roses' fragrant death ;
It hath kissed the tomb of the lily pale,
The beds where violets die,
And it bears their life on its living wings—
I feel it wandering by.

And yet it comes ! the lightning's flash
Hath torn the lowering cloud,
With a distant roar, and a nearer crash,
Out bursts the thunder loud.
It comes, with the rush of a god's descent
On the hushed and trembling earth,
To visit the shrines of the hallowed groves
Where a poet's soul had birth.

With a rush, as of a thousand steeds,
Is the mighty god's descent ;
Beneath the weight of his passing tread,
The conscious groves are bent.
His heavy tread—it is lighter now—
And yet it passeth on ;
And now it is up, with a sudden lift—
The pleasant rain hath gone.

The pleasant rain !—the pleasant rain !
It hath passed above the earth,
I see the smile of the opening cloud,
Like the parted lips of mirth.
The golden joy is spreading wide
Along the blushing west,
And the happy earth gives back her smiles,
Like the glow of a grateful breast.

*As a blessing sinks in a grateful heart,
That knoweth all its need,
So came the good of the pleasant rain,
O'er hill and verdant mead.
It shall breathe this truth on the human ear,
In hall and cottier's home,
That to bring the gift of a bounteous heaven
The pleasant rain hath come."*

There is something touching, if not prophetic, in his latest verses :—

"Farewell! the things of earth
Have place—how briefly here !

The voice of music and of mirth
 Came jocund on my ear ;
 And it hath passed—its fainting tones
 Are as the gone wind's dying moans.

The wreath is on the bower,
 And gems of pearly light
 Are glistening on the opening flower—
 Ah ! must they fade to-night ?
 They revelled in the morning's eye ;
 Eve's shades are o'er them—and they die.

How glad the mountain springs
 Gush from their mossy coves !
 The song-birds lift their happy wings
 Above the murmuring groves.
 Their voice is hushed ; the fountain waves
 Are tombed within their icy caves.

The woods are on mine eye,
 And summer trees are green ;
 The young oak spreadeth wide and high ;
 It hath a stately mein ;
 Its Autumn leaves are sere and brown—
 The axe hath bowed its glories down.

And thus the poet's song—
 The warrior's deed—the fame
 Of kings—the glorious and the strong—
 Die like a taper's flame.
*Farewell ! my song hath ceased—my theme
 Is as the memory of a dream.*

A VOLUME of Poems by I. McLellan Esq. ! It positively startles us. If it seems a calendar year since we fished up stream and down stream with him in jacket and trowsers, may we be forsworn ! We know nothing more awakening in this dream of life than to see an old schoolfellow stride by us thus on the stilts of reputation. Grown up, and famous !—the very boy that has tracked the woods with us, and called us by our nickname over a hedge, and cracked nuts with us by the fire in the winter evenings—no longer ago, we could be made to believe, than yesterday ! Which of us dreamed, as we read in our blotted classic, "*quàm sit magnum dare aliquid in manus hominum*," that he should ever be guilty of a book !—which of us, that the "*mihi et Musis*" would be his ambition ! How it would have swelled our idle veins as we lay, half asleep, bobbing our lines over the bank of the Shawsheen on those long Saturday afternoons, that we should ever play for each other the gentle office of critic ! If ever we knew a superlatively lazy fellow, it was a certain school-fellow of ours, very much addicted to fishing. It is the secret of his poetry.

The man who can sit on the bank of a stream day after day in the delicious summer, and not, like the fruits and flowers,

“turn the light and dew by inward power
To his own substance,”

must be worse than a vegetable. Nature never neglects the contented haunter of her paths. She is about him constantly in the garb of truth and beauty. She floats in the stream, and hangs on the bough, and comes invisibly in the moist winds. He finds his heart gentler, he knows not how, and his thoughts fresher, and his whole frame filling with a new delight—and this is the love of Nature, and that is poetry. An idle boy and a studious man is your true Poet. Nature first and books afterwards.

Mr. McLellan's poetry shows a surprisingly accurate knowledge of external nature. It is the attractive feature of it all. He is not ambitious of high invention, or strong pathos, or ultra-fine sentiment. But he describes a simple scene and a natural feeling with truth and grace, and his words are graphic and second him well. Take for instance this description of the Notes of Birds:—

“How rich the varied choir!—the unquiet Finch
Calls from the distant hollows, and the Wren
Uttereth her sweet and mellow plaint at times,
And the Thrush mourneth where the kalmia hangs
Its crimson-spotted cups, or chirps half hid
Amid the lowly dog-wood's snowy flowers,
And the blue Jay flits by, from tree to tree;
And spreading its rich pinions, fills the ear
With its shrill-sounding and unsteady cry.

With the sweet airs of Spring, the Robin comes
And in her simple song there seems to gush
A strain of sorrow when she visiteth
Her last year's withered nest. But when the gloom
Of the deep twilight falls, *she takes her perch
Upon the red-stemmed hazel's slender twig
That overhangs the brook, and suits her song
To the slow rivulet's inconstant chime.*

In the last days of Autumn, when the corn
Lies sweet and yellow in the harvest field,
And the gay company of reapers bind
The bearded wheat in sheaves, then peals abroad
The Blackbird's merry chant. I love to hear,
Bold plunderer! thy mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree
Close at the corn-field edge.

Lone Whippoorwill !

There is much sweetness in thy fitful hymn,
 Heard in the drowsy watches of the night.
 Ofttimes when all the village lights are out
 And the wide air is still, I hear thee chant
 Thy hollow dirge, like some recluse who takes
 His lodging in the wilderness of woods,
 And lifts his anthem when the world is still :
 And the dim, solemn night, that brings to man
 And to the herds, deep slumbers, and sweet dews
 To the red roses and the herbs, doth find
 No eye save thine a watcher in her halls.
 I hear thee oft at midnight, when the Thrush
 And the green, roving Linnet are at rest,
 And the blithe, twittering Swallows have long ceased
 Their noisy note, and folded up their wings.

Far up some brook's still course, whose current mines
 The forest's blackened roots, and whose green marge
 Is seldom visited by human foot,
 The lonely Heron sits, and harshly breaks
 The sabbath silence of the Wilderness :
 And you may find her by some reedy pool,
 Or brooding gloomily on the time-stained rock,
 Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.

Most awful is thy deep and heavy boom
 Gray watcher of the waters ! thou art king
 Of the blue lake ; and all the winged kind
 Do fear the echo of thine angry cry.
 How bright thy savage eye ! Thou lookest down,
 And seest the shining fishes as they glide ;
 And poising thy grey wing, thy glossy beak
 Swift as an arrow strikes its roving prey.
 Ofttimes I see thee through the curling mist
 Dart, like a Spectre of the night, and hear
 Thy strange, bewildering call, like the wild scream
 Of one whose life is perishing in the sea."

And this is another passage of similar character and beauty :—

"Much have I loved the fellowship of her woods,
 Their chime of leaves—the prattle of *the brook*
That saps the mouldering roots—the fairy blast
Of the gnat's shrilly trump, and that small hum
When the bee winds his slender bugle horn—
 And those gay foresters, the birds, recite
 Inimitably their artless anthem there,
 Forever weaving their slight web of song—
 Forever blithe and noisy all the summer long.

And there I hear when Midnight's noiseless hand
 Hangs her black curtains round the dreaming world,
 That sorrowful nun, the wakeful Nightingale,
 Rehearse her mournful chant : and when the sun

Hath reddened the autumnal leaf, I hear
The thievish jay and blackbird scatter out
Their pearls of song, from morn till dewy eve,
While sharp the thrifty squirrel at his door
Accosts me with his chat, vain of his smuggled store."

There is something more than prettiness in the following lines from the "Haunted Wood." He is describing the burial place of an Indian:—

"It is said that on moonlight nights, the gleam
Of his battle Spear flits o'er this stream;
*And they say there's a shiver along the grass
Where the restless feet of the Spectre pass,*
And a rustle of leaves in the thicket's gloom
When he nods his dusky eagle plume.
And, methinks, I have heard his war-horn bray,
Like the call of waters far away;
And the arrow whistle along the glade
Where the chieftain's giant bones are laid."

The most quiet and finished verses in the book are written upon a picture of Allston's. There is a tranquillity both in the thoughts and in the music of the lines that is delightful:—

"The tender Twilight with a crimson cheek
Leans on the breast of Eve. The wayward Wind
Hath folded her fleet pinions, and gone down
To slumber by the darkened woods—the herds
Have left their pastures, where the sward grows green
And lofty by the river's sedgy brink,
And slow are winding home. Hark, from afar
Their tinkling bells sound through the dusky glade
And forest-openings, with a pleasant sound;
While answering Echo from the distant hill,
Sends back the music of the herdsman's horn.
How tenderly the trembling light yet plays
O'er the far-waving foliage! Day's last blush
Still lingers on the billowy waste of leaves,
With a strange beauty—like the yellow flush
That haunts the ocean, when the day goes by.
Methinks, whene'er earth's wearying troubles pass
Like winter shadows o'er the peaceful mind,
'Twere sweet to turn from life, and pass abroad,
With solemn footsteps, into Nature's vast
And happy palaces, and lead a life
Of peace, in some green paradise like this.

The brazen trumpet, and the loud war-drum
Ne'er startled these green woods:—the raging sword
Hath never gathered its red harvest here!
The peaceful Summer day hath never closed
Around this quiet spot, and caught the gleam
Of War's rude pomp:—the humble dweller here
Hath never left his sickle in the field,

To slay his fellow with unholy hand,
 The maddening voice of battle, the wild groan,
 The thrilling murmuring of the dying man,
 And the shrill shriek of mortal agony,
 Have never broke its sabbath solitude."

We like the following. It is founded upon the fact that "the body of a young Swedish miner was discovered in one of the mines of Dalecarlia, in a state of perfect preservation from the action of the mineral waters in which he had been immersed. No one could recognize the body except a very old woman who knew it to be that of her lover, and embraced it with the most lively demonstrations of grief. He had perished fifty years before."

"They've borne him from his ghastly tomb
 Up to the blessed light of day ;
 And from his cheek the transient bloom
 Of life, hath scarcely past away.
 Upon the stripling's tranquil cheek,
 The bloom of life doth glow,
 Like twilight's rich and rosy streak
 Upon the Winter snow.

There came an aged dame ; and put away
 The dark hair, from his pallid brow,
 And look ! how mournfully she doth lay
 Her lips to his pale features now.
 Methinks, some pleasant dream of years
 Long gone, comes o'er her memory ;
 For smiles gleam o'er her face, then tears
 Gush to her aged eye,
 And mournfully and low,
 These words from her full heart o'erflow.

' And art thou lying here !
 Beautiful as thou wast, when side by side,
 Our wayward feet ranged all the woodlands wide,
 In childhood's thoughtless glee !
 Yes ! my beloved, though gone hath many a year,
 I well remember thee !

' Here is the same white brow
 That won my simple heart, when life's green path
 Was all a paradise ; methinks it hath
 Its same calm beauty yet,
 That cheek ! tho' death has somewhat changed it now,
 I never might forget !

' Thou wearest the red rose
 I gave thee, on that gentle Summer's eve,
 When thou, all bloom and manliness, didst leave
 Me, blushing at the door—
 Alas ! I little dreamed at that day's mellow close,
 That thou wouldst come no more.

'After the rapid flight
Of fifty years, 'tis pleasant, in old age
To see thee, ere I end my pilgrimage.
And now we part! Thy cell,
The awful tomb! must shut thee from my sight,
I join thee soon. Farewell!"

The first piece, the "Fall of the Indian," we do not so much like. He should have used as a motto "*animis hæc scribo, non auribus*;" for on a single page he has got more unmusical and imperfect lines than in all the other pieces in the book. The lines italicised in the following passage would pucker the mouth of the town crier:—

"When the woods,
Put on their robe of blossoms, he would take
His bow and rattling quiver, and for food
Hunt the wild animal, or cast his line
Where the clear brook creeps thro' the meadow green,
Or sparkles from its rocky basin's brim
In many a bright cascade: and his garb
Was skin of shaggy bear, or howling wolf
Slain in the darkling forest. But when high
In his bright chariot regal Autumn rode,
And from his o'erflowing beaker showered down
With prodigal hand, his many-colored hues
Upon the mossy woods, crimson and gold;
Distaining the maple's leaf in scarlet dye,
And the oak's green coronal, like the dawn,
Then gathered he the ripe fruits of the earth,
From the maze-planted glade, or the ear
Of shining corn, full in its rustling husk,
Or the wild-nuts, thick scattered by the wind,
And the rich black grape, whose clusters bend
With their delicious weight, the drooping vine,
Over the lapsing current of the stream."

Mr. McLellan is, it will be seen from the specimens we have quoted, more than an ordinary builder of verses, but we think it very unlikely that, with every capacity for a fine poet, he will ever demonstrate it much more fully to the world. His profession of law is one drawback, and his loose habits of finishing another. No man can expect to outlive his grave-stone who has not the courage to cut down his verses with the unsparringness of a vine-dresser. Superfluous words, indirect expressions, blind sentences and ill-balanced measures are the millstones that sink reputation, and it is as palpable as daylight in the book before us, that, though you may pick, as we have done, excellent beauties from it, there are traces of carelessness in composition throughout, which betray a most unambitious indolence.

THE DUELLISTS.

THERE were few young men in College, whose society was more extensively courted, than that of Robert and George Staunton. They were neither endowed with the highest intellectual talents, nor did they seek for an honorable distinction in their respective classes, by a close application to their college studies. The father of the young men had been wealthy; and, as their own pecuniary circumstances precluded the necessity of exertion, their object was, rather to furnish themselves with the means of enjoyment, through the medium of literary pursuits, than to lay a foundation upon which to raise the structure of professional eminence. While, therefore, they could make no just claim to the fame of good scholars, they maintained the reputation of "smart fellows:" and the influence which this reputation gave them among the students, as well as the esteem in which they were held by the Faculty of the College, were heightened by the manly and honorable sentiments which marked their whole conduct. Robert, the elder of the two, was a year in advance of his brother in his collegiate course, and maintained over him an influence and authority which he was seldom disposed to resist or disobey. Both were strong muscular men; and, although George was rather beneath the ordinary size, there were few of his class-mates who were disposed to contest his physical superiority. There was, however, one James Wilson, whose envious soul could not brook the popularity of George Staunton. If the latter was called a good bowler, his success was pronounced to be the effect of mere accident. If he made a good hit at wicket, or scored more notches than any player in the game, it was said to be rather the result of good luck than skill. And when Staunton was spoken of by the inhabitants as a young man of an estimable character—"he *appears* to be so"—would be Wilson's reply. All these circumstances naturally found their way to the ear of Staunton, and produced in his bosom a reciprocal prejudice. The coldness in their feelings towards each other, embittered the pleasure of their intercourse; but, still, there was no avowed enmity. In their college amusements, convivial meetings, literary exercises—and in those places where there connection with the society of the city, threw them into contact, a studied and formal politeness concealed their sentiments of animosity.

Wine, it has been said, is a revealer of secrets: it also withdraws the veil from long hidden enmities. In minds where

reason maintains a constant and undisputed sway, the thousand angry feelings which agitate the bosoms of individuals, and lead them on to acts of injury and aggression, die away and are forgotten. Time throws over them the mantle of oblivion, and they fade forever from the records of the heart.

Thus it should have been with Wilson. But he had drank hard. It was the twentieth anniversary of his birth, and the bottle had circulated freely around the table of boon companions. The congratulations of the occasion, also, had inspired him with exaggerated opinions of his own consequence, and his naturally quarrelsome disposition, inflamed by an unnatural stimulus, needed but the application of some proper object, to discharge the torrent of his rage.

In this situation he accidentally encountered Geo. Staunton. The latter saluted him in his usual manner, and was about to pass him, when Wilson seized him rudely by the collar, and assailed him with abusive and insulting language. Staunton's passions were quick and violent; but he perceived the situation of his adversary, and, disengaging himself from his grasp, remarked to him, "Go home, Wilson, now; and if there has been anything exceptionable in my conduct towards you, I will make you a satisfactory explanation to-morrow."

The next day was to Wilson the drunkard's to-morrow. His head ached violently, and his whole frame was in a state of feverish excitement. He looked back upon his late revel with indignant regret. Its dimly remembered scenes crowded upon his imagination. Bereft of the attractions which mirth and wit and gaiety had thrown around them, wan and spiritless, they appeared before him like the loathsome spectres of buried joys. There was one thought which was peculiarly harrassing. Would that it were blended with the mass of indistinct recollections. But his treatment of Staunton was painted in too distinct form—in too vivid coloring. He felt himself disgraced in his own eyes; and, with the inconsistency of anger, his passions burned with a more ardent flame against the man he had injured. Maddened by his own reflections, and stung with the thoughts of the disgrace which a knowledge of the transaction would attach to his conduct, he proceeded to a place of public resort, and indulged himself in a coarse and severe invective against Geo. Staunton.

"Mr. Wilson is not, perhaps, aware of my presence," said the elder Staunton, who happened to be present.

"I know of no peculiar virtue in the presence of Mr. Robert Staunton to change the tone or subject of my conversation," retorted Wilson.

“Am I then to understand your remarks as intended for me?”

“And what if they were?”

“Why then,” said Staunton, “they discover their author to be destitute of those honorable principles, which should forbid a man to abuse an absent enemy in the presence of one whom motives of delicacy alone prevent from espousing his brother’s quarrel.”

“I wish to engage in no quarrel with you,” said Wilson, subdued by the generous forbearance of Staunton, “for you are an older and a stronger man than I am, and I duly appreciate the honorable motives which influence your conduct. But, your brother, Mr. Staunton, has insulted me; and in your presence, and in the presence of the world, I pronounce him to be no gentleman.”

“He is here to resent his own insults,” said Robert, as he left the apartment.

Wilson trembled at the entrance of Geo. Staunton, and gladly would have recalled the obnoxious epithets he had bestowed upon him. But he felt that he had passed the Rubicon; that the eyes of his companions were upon him; and that he must redeem his gage of courage by some deed of noble daring. He accordingly walked boldly up to Staunton, and inquired, “Did you intend to insult me last evening, Sir?”

“I should have been the last person,” said Staunton, “to have insulted a man in your situation.”

“My situation!” said Wilson haughtily, “and what was my situation, Sir?”

“It was such, Mr. Wilson, as to induce me to excuse your conduct.”

“Do you mean to insinuate,” enquired Wilson, “that I was drunk?”

“I do!” was the laconic reply.

Wilson instantly levelled a blow at his unguarded adversary. But his dastardly attempt did not avail him. Staunton skilfully evaded it; and, before the bystanders could interfere, the aggressor was stretched upon the floor. Although but little injured by the blow, he showed no disposition to renew the fight. His appetite was satiated; and with limbs trembling, and a countenance convulsed with rage, he took the arm of a friend, and retired to his rooms.

Unluckily for Wilson, his friend was a young man who professed those nice sentiments of honor which could never brook the slightest appearance of an insult. He was an avowed ad-

vocate of the *duello*, especially in cases where he was not to be concerned as principal. He was more jealous of the wounded honor of his friend, than of his own; and although a very Bob Acres in courage, yet such was his spirit of accommodation, and his aversion to the shedding of blood, that he was extremely liberal in construing the slightest acknowledgment into an apology for the insult.

But the present was, in his opinion, an outrage which could be reached by no apology. The truth of the charge was an aggravation of the insult. The maxim of the Law, "the greater the truth the greater the libel," was in the code of honor, equally binding. And then the publicity which their late affray had given to the charge, as well as its unfortunate termination, seemed to demand that some extraordinary event should efface the impression which had been made, and change, if possible, the current of public sentiment.

Wilson fully coincided in these sentiments of his friend: and the latter, being "the keeper of his conscience," found little difficulty in making himself the bearer of a challenge from Wilson to Geo. Staunton. Swelling with the importance which he attached to the mission, and elated with the thought that he was entrusted with an affair of life and death, he repaired to Staunton's rooms, and presented his invitation to mortal combat.

"Mr. Staunton's nice sense of honor," he said, "will lead him to the necessity of giving his immediate attention to it."

"Fool!" exclaimed Staunton indignantly; and seating himself at his desk, he endorsed an implied refusal upon the warlike epistle.

"Why, this," said the Second, "is an indefinite answer! Does Mr. Staunton intend to convey the idea——"

——"that a quarrel," interrupted Staunton, "which originated in drunkenness should never end in blood."

"But your honor, Mr. Staunton——"

——"is in my own keeping, Sir!"

"True, Mr. Staunton!" said the Second, coloring at the rebuke, "but you are averse to the epithet which gentlemen will bestow upon you!"

Staunton's eyes flashed with anger at this taunting rebuke; and, springing to his feet, he advanced in front of the alarmed Second, who appeared willing to relinquish his object, and was then in the very act of taking his leave. "Stay a moment, Mr. Rodgers!" said Staunton, with an affected calmness;—"I shall receive no insinuations of this kind from you. Your conduct and your principles—or rather your want of

principle—I alike despise ! and if ever again you come to me in behalf of Mr. Wilson, or any other man, upon business of this nature, neither the laws of custom or courtesy shall shield you from the effects of my resentment.”

“ You shall hear from me, for this,” said Rodgers.

“ As you please, Sir !” replied Staunton, and then closed the door upon him.

In the hall of the Lyceum, a board affixed to the wall is appropriated to the advertisements of the students. If one of them has books or furniture to sell, it is advertised here ; and here may at all times be seen displayed a complete list of articles from the book-case to the gridiron. On the day succeeding the conversation which I have just related, a large number of the students had collected near that spot. Some of them were engaged in perusing the advertisements, while others stood apart in little coteries, conversing in low and subdued tones, or listlessly regarding those whose attention was employed at the advertising board. As Staunton approached it, the laugh ceased, and the low and confused hum of many voices subsided into a deep and respectful silence. Not a sound arose from among the numerous assemblage ; but the noise of his own footsteps was as distinct and echoing as if he was walking in the confines of the dead. I know not how to account for the extraordinary stillness :—whether it arose from pity or sympathy ; or whether the faculties of the mind became merged in one surpassing interest for the result ; or whether the mind itself sympathizes with external nature in those moments of awful silence in which she seems to expect the discharge of a thunder-bolt, or the eruption of a volcano. The immediate cause was, however, but too palpable to him ; and it was with little surprise that he read this placard—“ Geo. Staunton is a coward and a scoundrel !”—signed, “ James Wilson.”

“ It is too much !” said George, as he narrated these circumstances to his brother—“ I must give Wilson a meeting.”

“ Do you wish to shed his blood ?” enquired Robert, calmly.

“ No !” said George indignantly, “ nor am I so lavish of my own, as to expose it willingly to this hazard. I know what you would say,” he continued, vacillating between the sentiments of pride and the dictates of duty, “ I know it all ! I know that the duellist is a murderer, whom fear alone induces to break the laws of God. My principles have always been opposed to the practice of duelling, and I indulged the hope that I should adhere to them, through all circumstances,

to a peaceful grave. But, alas ! how little do we know our own strength until the hour of trial ! You know, Robert, that, in our section of the country, custom has made it the law of society. There is no ordinance more imperative in its dictates. The laws of our country may be broken ; even the canons of the Deity may be trampled under foot. But the man who refuses to answer his insult in the field, forfeits his reputation, and becomes, from that moment, an exile from the circle of honorable society."

"Your passions, George, lead you to overrate the importance of this quarrel. By the laws of the *duello*, it is susceptible of an amicable adjustment. Nothing more is necessary, than that the person in fault should proffer the injured party an ample apology. If this duty is incumbent on Wilson, it surely is not *his* part to challenge ; and you best can judge if you have injured him."

"It matters little," answered George, "from whom the injury proceeded. I have been branded as 'a coward and a scoundrel !' The sound will go forth from these secluded walls, and reverberate among the streets and alleys of our native city. Where then will be my aspiring hopes—my ambitious prospects ? But it will not end here. Like a loathsome disease which diffuses itself over the whole body, the disgrace will attach to every member of the family, and suffuse your face, my brother, with the blush of shame."

"Are these the principles by which you regulate your conduct ? And do you think so meanly of me as to suppose that I should prefer a murderer, reeking with the blood of an imprudent boy, to a brother who follows the dictates of his conscience, the injunctions of reason, and the precepts of law ? Or that I should turn from you, enabled by the exercise of religious principles, and a virtuous defiance of a barbarous custom, to contemplate with a gloomy satisfaction your dishonored corpse ?"

"If I die," said George sorrowfully, "I shall leave at least an untarnished name ! I shall lie down in glory"—

"And awake—oh ! where ?"

George was, for a moment, silent ; overcome with the violence of his emotions. The appeal was irresistible. His religious sentiments were touched ; and in a changed manner and subdued tone he at last replied—"Robert, you have unmanned me ! You have struck the chord in my bosom which responds only in sounds of disgrace and shame. But," he continued after a pause, "be it so. And when my companions pass me with a curled lip and a fixed eye—when my

friends regard me with feelings of pity and compassion—receive me with coldness, or shrink from my presence as from a poor, dishonored being, then, Robert, yours will be the reflection, that it was you alone who stood between me and my honor.”

“Never, George, never shall I shun the responsibility which I have assumed, or disavow my participation in this triumph of principle. But you are too much excited to view this subject in its true light. You do not perceive the change which has taken place in the public sentiment. The laws which once made man a murderer are now abrogated, and are no longer binding but upon those who have lost the esteem and the respect of society. We are no longer compelled, like Hamilton, to relinquish the path of usefulness and honor, and lie down, like common earth, in a dishonored grave—to abandon the high hopes which virtue inspired, and to forfeit the glorious destiny for which his country had intended him; or, like his murderer, to drag out a miserable existence—a hermit in the midst of society; among men, but not of them; confronting in his daily walks the countenances of hatred, and harrassed in the night watches by the spectre of guilt; tortured by the reflections of his own conscience, and bearing with him, to his death of shame, the just indignation of his country. More just and ennobling views of the true principles of honor have gone abroad in the community. The soil of New England is no longer polluted with the blood of the duellist, and, in our own section of the country, the great and good have united in a firm phalanx to protect the laws from violation, and to hurl the force of public opinion upon the ruthless invaders. Were our father alive,” he continued, in a voice tremulous with the intensity of feeling which the recollection had created, “where, George, would be his station? And at the present juncture, what would be his advice to his imprudent son?”

“Our father!” responded George mournfully; but, recollecting himself, he spake with energy; “his conduct shall be the rule by which I will regulate my own.”

“Why will you not, George, remain contented as you are? Your character will always be duly appreciated without the exposure of your life to hazard. Wilson’s disgrace has made him desperate.”

“I incur,” said George, “for the same cause, the same hazard with my father;” and he immediately sent him notice of his determination.

“I shall be prepared,” was Wilson’s reply.

It was a sunny day of April. The students had just left the dinner table, and were sauntering in front of the Commons Hall, enjoying the mild warmth of a vernal sun. Among them was Wilson, but not like them in peace. His bosom burned with unextinguishable hatred, and his eye followed fearfully and instinctively every motion of the object of his enmity. Staunton approached him; and the general attention was directed towards them by a thrilling interest in the result. "Mr. Wilson," said he in a firm and determined tone, "you have done me a deep wrong; you have assailed me with insult, and pursued it with premeditated injury. If a duel was to be the consequence, it would surely, methinks, have been for *me* to invite the contest. But I am no duellist, no scoundrel, and no coward! It has ever been my aim to offer no insult; but I claim no exemption from the weakness of humanity. I may have erred in my treatment of you; if so, an explanation or an apology would not have been incompatible with my honor. Had you demanded such reparation, things would not have come to this crisis. But it is useless for me to say more. The false epithets which you have coupled with my name, render it necessary for me to act. I call upon you, therefore, Mr. Wilson, to do me but bare justice; and let the refutation of the foul falsehood be extensive as its circulation. *You know the alternative!*"

The deep tones of the speaker thrilled through every heart. Even Wilson himself was apparently moved by the fervid manner in which his claims were enforced, and for a moment his better nature struggled with his pride. But the menace with which the address was unfortunately concluded, determined his hesitancy, and in a tone and manner at once irresolute and conciliatory—"I know not," he said, "that I have affirmed anything which it is my duty to recall."

"There is then," said Staunton, "but one course left me;" and with a cane which he held he inflicted several blows upon his antagonist. Wilson stood for a moment as if restrained by some dire presage, and then drew his pistol. Staunton sprang upon him, and, in the attempt to wrest the weapon from him, it was discharged, and both the young men fell. The by-standers raised Staunton—he was wounded dangerously; but Wilson was dead!

w. s.

HYMNS TO THE GODS.

Diana.

Most graceful goddess! whether now thou art
 Chasing the dun deer in the silent heart
 Of some old quiet wood; or on the side
 Of some high mountain, and, most eager-eyed,
 Dashing upon the chase—with bended bow
 And arrow at the string—and with a glow
 Of wondrous beauty on thy cheek—and feet
 Like thine own silver moon—yea, and as fleet
 As her best beams—and *quiver at the back,*
Rattling to all their steppings; if some track
 In distant Thessaly thou followest up,
 Brushing the dew from many a flower's cup
 And quiet leaf—and listening to the bay
 Of thy good hounds, while in the deep woods they,
 Strong limbed and swift, leap on with eager bounds,
 And with their long deep note each hill resounds,
 Making thee music: goddess! hear our cry,
 And let us worship thee, while far and high
 Goes up thy brother, while his light is full
 Upon the earth—for when the night winds lull
 The earth to sleep, then to the lightless sky
 Dian must go, with silver robes of dew,
 And sunward eye.

Perhaps thou liest on some shady spot,
 Among the woods, and frightened beasts hear not
 The deep bay of thy hounds—but dropping down
 Upon green grass, and leaves all sere and brown;
 Thou pillowest thy head upon the moss,
 Upon some ancient root; where wood-winds toss
 Their wings about thee—and thy fair nymphs point
 Thy death-winged arrows, or thy hair anoint
 With Indian odors—and thy strong hounds lie
 At length upon the earth, and watch thine eye,
 And watch thine arrows, while thou hast a dream.
 Perchance by some deep-bosomed, shaded stream
 Thou bathest now, where even thy brother sun
 Cannot look on thee, where dark shades and dun
 Fall on the water, making it most cool,
 Like winds from the broad sea, or like some pool
 In deep, dark cavern—hanging branches dip
 Their locks into the stream, or slowly strip
 With tear-drops of rich dew; before no eyes
 But those of flitting wind-gods, each nymph hies
 Into the deep and running stream—and there
 Thou pillowest thyself upon its breast,
 O Queen, most fair!

By all thine hours of pleasure ! when thou wast
 Upon tall Latmos, moveless, still, and lost
 In boundless pleasure ; ever gazing on
 Thy bright-eyed youth ; whether the unseen sun
 Was lighting the deep sea, or at mid noon
 Looking about the sky ; by every tune
 And voice of joy, that thrilled about the cords
 Of thy deep heart, when thou didst hear his words
 In thy cool shady grot, where thou hadst brought
 And placed Endymion, where fair hands had taught
 All beauty to shine forth, where thy fair maids
 Had brought up shells for thee, and from the glades
 All sunny flowers, precious stones and gems
 Of utmost beauty, pearly diadems
 Of many sea-gods ; birds were there who sang
 Ever most sweetly ; *living waters rang*
Their changes to all time, to soothe the soul
Of thy Endymion ; pleasant breezes stole,
With light feet, through the cave, that they might kiss
His dewy lips : Oh by that stream of bliss,
 That thou didst then enjoy, come to us, fair
 And beautiful Diana ; take us now
 Under thy care !

Mercury.

O WINGED messenger ! if thy light feet
 Are in the star-paved halls, where high gods meet,
 Where the rich nectar thou dost take and dip
 At idly pleasant leisure, while thy lip
 Doth utter forth rich eloquence, till thy foe,
 Juno herself, doth her long hate forego,
 And hang upon thine accents ; Venus smiles,
 And aims her looks at thee with winning wiles,
 And wise Minerva's cup stands idle by,
 The while thou speakest. Whether up on high
 Thou forcest now thyself, or dost unfurl
 Thy wings like the white eagle, and a whirl
 Of air takes place about thee ; if thy wings
 Are over the broad sea, where Afric flings
 His hot breath on the waters ; by the shore
 Of happy Araby ; or in the roar
 Of crashing northern ice : O turn and urge
 Thy winged course to us ; leave the rough surge,
 Or icy mountain height, or city proud,
 Or haughty temple, or dim wood down-bowed
 With weakened age,
 And come to us, thou young and mighty sage.

Thou who invisibly dost ever stand
 Near each high orator, and hand in hand
 With the gold-robed Apollo, touch the tongue
 Of every poet, on whom men have hung

Incidents in the Life of a Quiet Man.

With strange enchantment, when in dark disguise
 Thou hast come down from the cloud-curtained skies,
 And lifted up thy voice, to teach to men
 Thy world-arousing art: O thou, that when
 The ocean was untracked, didst teach to send
 Great ships upon it—thou who dost extend
 In storm a calm protection to the hopes
 Of the fair merchant—thou who on the slopes
 Of mount Cyllene first mad'st sound the lyre
 And many-toned harp, with childish fire
 And thine own beauty sounding to the caves
 A strange new tune, unlike the ruder staves
 That Pan had uttered, while each wondering nymph
 Came out from tree, from mountain and pure lymph
 Of mountain stream, to drink each rolling note
 That o'er the listening wood did run and float
 With fine clear sound,
 Like silver trumpets blown o'er ringing ground.

Oh matchless artist! thou of wondrous skill,
 Who didst in ages past the wide earth fill
 With every usefulness—thou who dost teach
 Quick-witted thieves the miser's gold to reach,
 And rob him of his sleep for many a night,
 And get thee curses; oh, mischievous spright!
 Thou rogue-god Mercury! ever glad to cheat
 All gods and men; with mute and noiseless feet
 Going in search of mischief; now to steal
 The fiery spear of Mars, now clog the wheel
 Of bright Apollo's car, that it may go
 Most slowly upward; thou whom wrestlers know,
 Whether they strive upon the level green,
 At dewy nightfall, under the dim screen
 Of ancient oak, or at the sacred games,
 In fiercer contest; thou whom each one names
 In half-thought prayer, when the quick breath is drawn
 For the last struggle; thou whom on the lawn
 The victor praises, making unto thee
 Offering for his proud victory: O let us be
 Under thy care;
 O winged messenger! hear—hear our prayer!

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A QUIET MAN.

I WENT to College with but one very decided aversion—the smell of a sick room. With a sanguine temperament and high health, I had once been “laid up” for a winter with a lame knee, and the odors of a physician's appliances, never particularly agreeable, had become associated in my mind with

confinement and pain and everything repulsive. I loved the open air with an eccentric affection. Sleeping under a tree, or encamping for the night in the shaft of a quarry, on my mineralizing excursions, were incidents I exulted in. To awake at any time and snuff the morning air gave me a thrill like a release from imprisonment. I lived out of doors.

Accident made me a nurse. My most intimate friend fell ill, and, with the caprice of a boy, would submit to no government but mine. I was under the necessity of administering all his medicines, and watching with him, and performing for him the thousand kind offices which the sick demand. He lay in my room a month, and, one by one, I insensibly overcame my aversions. The smell of ether and the close air and the sight of disgusting medicines had become at least endurable. The day he got out, I was at a loss. Strange as it seemed to me, worn out, and weary, and impatient of it all as I had become, I wished him back again, making the same nervous complaints, and calling upon me for the same recurring services, and querulously refusing every other watcher. From this time I have had an unhealthy passion for scenes of this description. Like all other passions, too, it has sated itself with one degree of misery after another, till now nothing satisfies it but the deepest—death or wild insanity—whatever tries the sufferer most, and demands in the spectator most of sympathy and nerve. I think my heart was never hard, and I am sure that, instead of becoming indifferent to distress, it grows more sensibly alive by every repetition to sympathy and pity—but there is an excitement in the high-wrought circumstances which accompany sickness, which feeds in me a spring of curiosity, which, I cannot but think, is one of the deepest seated cravings of my nature. Men are nowhere without disguise but in a sick room. The character is nowhere else so tried, the weaknesses so uncovered, the fine godlike under-traits, which it is the way of the world to cover and keep down—disinterestedness and courage, and patience—nowhere else so irresistibly developed. I could never be deceived in a man I had nursed in sickness.

In a body of five or six hundred young men, many of them new to the climate, opportunities were not wanting to indulge such a passion to its extent, and I soon became a desirable attendant from my skill and knowledge of the offices so necessary to the patient. I learned a thousand little assiduities, and studied the slight but refreshing changes of position, and could dispose a pillow skilfully, and graduate the light pleasantly to the eye, and relieve, by many an unseen wile, the ter-

rible monotony and weariness of disease. I had in my memory, too, stores of poetry and romance, and no one can tell, who has not been so attended, how grateful it is to a mind weary with feeding on itself, and crowded upon with sickening images, to be stolen away by a winning narration to the land of faery, and have the self-sated sympathies diverted to the light and shadow of the beautiful changes in a tale. How often have I, by a touching story, drawn tears which I knew had in them more healing than medicine! It is easy, for the heart is tender in sickness, and no one can tell how pleasant it is, for tears when the eyes are hot, and the brain iron-bound, as it seems to be, with the dryness of fever, exceed the freshness of water.

In the pursuit of such a passion, I have naturally met with many distressing scenes, not only in sick rooms, but in all places where human nature is brought into extremity. There is here and there one in my memory, the singularity of which may possibly excuse the painfulness of narration.

I sat one cold night in January, watching with a Senior who was insane. He was otherwise in perfect bodily health, but had been confined now a week with a periodical madness to which he was subject, and which was hereditary in his family. He was a man of powerful muscular frame, gentlemanly and full of spirit, and with the passionate gesture and the wild energy of expression in his dark eyes and fine countenance when the fit was on him, he was the handsomest creature I ever looked upon.

It was two o'clock in the morning. The moon shone bright out of doors, and the late noises in the college rooms had all ceased, and the night was as still as death. I was reading the Book of the Martyrs. The chapel clock startled me as it struck two, and I rose from a harrowing description of impalement, and walked to the window to collect my nerves. The clear, sparkling snow lay like fairy-work over the beautiful common, and the trees, laden with the feathery crystals, looked like motionless phantoms in the moonlight. I could see down into the town, and far along the streets on either side of the common, and there was not a figure to darken the white sidewalks, and I listened till my ear was pained with silence, and could not hear even a dog's bark. I turned from the window with an undefined feeling of dread, and looking at my patient, replenished the fire, and sat down again to my book. I had read perhaps half a page, when he rose suddenly in the bed, and pushing the long hair from his eyes, looked at me steadily. I thought he was dreaming. His mouth had a fixed curl of

hatred, and the whole expression of his face was terrible. I sat still and looked him fixedly in the eye. His fingers were working like a man's who is feeling for a weapon, and he was drawing his feet almost imperceptibly under him as if preparing for a spring. The unearthly fiendishness of his look at this moment is indescribable. The glare of the bright fire on his face, his tangled hair, his white night dress, and the utter malignity of his set teeth and frowning brows, might have shaken stronger nerves than mine. I was convinced that the least motion on my part would be followed by an instantaneous spring; and in the hope of looking him down with the steadiness of my gaze, I sat as motionless as a statue with my eyes still fixed upon him. The three or four minutes thus occupied gave me time to collect myself. I was slender, and by no means remarkable for my personal activity, and in the event of a struggle I knew I stood but little chance. I thought of shouting for assistance, but even if I had been heard by the sound sleepers in the rooms about me, such noises are too common in college to excite anything but a curse on the rioter. I thought I would speak to him. In a quiet and pleasant tone I called him by his name and asked him what he was going to do.

"Kill you!" was the brief answer.

"For what?"

"Because," said he, speaking with his teeth shut as he rose upon one knee and grasped the pillow firmly, "I have found you alone, and I know you!"

The next moment he sprang into the middle of the floor, and with a stealthy and rapid tread like a tiger's, glided to the door and locked it. I did not move from my position, except to place my feet in an attitude to rise instantly. He approached slowly, putting down one foot firmly after the other as if to be certain that the floor was strong, until he stood close before me. The light-stand was between us, holding two candles and the large quarto from which I had been reading. I still kept my eyes on him without moving a muscle, and once or twice he quailed under my gaze, and looked aside. I was beginning to hope he would abandon his intention, when, with a single motion of his arm, he swept away the stand, and sprang upon me. The violence of the shock overthrew me, and we fell to the floor. His knees were upon my breast and his fingers at my throat in an instant. For a minute I struggled hard to throw him off, but with his powerful frame he sat as firmly as a rock, choking me nearly to strangulation with the closeness of his grasp. As a last hope I attempted to shout.

Exhausted as I was, my feeble "help!" was scarce louder than a whisper, and I felt my eyes flash and the blood crowd into my head with a terrible sense of suffocation. In the agony of the struggle I threw out my hand into the fire near which I had fallen, and, with an instinctive desperation, seized a handful of burning coals, and held them for a minute to his side. They burned through his night dress instantly and he sprang to his feet with a curse, leaving me on the floor with scarce the power to move a limb. The next moment the Tutor, who had been disturbed by the noise of my fall, entered the room, and with a singular habit of obedience, the madman slunk to his bed, and covering up his head lay as quiet as a child till morning.

It is the custom in some parts of New England to watch by the dead night and day till interment. I was once called upon for this service. A young girl whom I had known died in my neighborhood, and I was requested to sit up for the night in an adjoining room with two female relatives of the deceased. It was my office to go into the room frequently where the corpse lay, and attend to the lights which were burning at the foot of the bed; and with this occupation and reading aloud, the night passed without much weariness till twelve. About that time my companions, two stout country girls, fell asleep. I threw aside my book, and walked from one room to the other, looking out sometimes upon the night, and sometimes stopping to gaze on the ghastly features of the corpse. There was no moon, but the stars looked near and bright, and the absolute silence and the sweet spiciness of the air combined with the solemnity of my vigil in giving the night almost a supernatural beauty. I began to feel a kind of pleasure in the powerful contrast of the scene. I turned from the still and deathly face lying in its revolting fixedness before me, to look out upon the starry and living splendor of the night, and breathe the life-giving moisture of the wind, and inhale the delicious scents of the flowers; and when the strange feeling of saturation and insufficiency which accompanies natural beauty came upon me, I returned, with a pleasure I could not understand, to peruse once more the rigid features of the corpse, and muse on the terrible nature of death.

It requires intense thought to believe death real. To look upon human lips formed and colored like our own, and wearing their familiar expression, and comprehend fully that they never will stir again—to gaze on eyelids, softly and naturally closed, and believe that they will never again lift from the

eye—to peruse a forehead marked with character and thought, the hair parted on it as if with its own volition and taste, and know that the curious organs beneath it will never work more—these are convictions as difficult as they are painful to the mind, and such as are rarely attained by the ordinary gazers on the dead.

And it seems to me that it is not the pain of dying, nor the dread of corruption, nor any of the common horrors of death that make it most terrible. These are circumstances, fearful, it is true, but such as the courage of a strong heart may meet. But it is that nature will survive—that our friends will live on without us—that the stars will sparkle and revolve, and the flowers come in their seasons, and the ambitious and the pleasure-loving seek fame and pleasure—and not a star's ray be interrupted, nor a leaf fall, nor a human foot slacken in its pursuit because we are not with them. It is this leaving us behind—this thrusting away and forgetting us, like broken instruments, that touches us. To me, at least, Death would lose half its terrors with this thought. If I could escape it in any way, my happiness would be tenfold. If my spirit would pass into a flower and consciously live on—if I could become a voice and speak my own name, at ever so distant periods, to my friends—even if an urn containing my ashes might lie in a familiar place, and be a pleasant ornament in the house of some one who had loved me, I should be more content. I love this world, and its scenes, and its people, too well to pass willingly away, I know not whither. The thought of a disembodied and spiritual life apart from the tangible objects I have grown to, and the delightful affections I have given and won, is, with all its mystery and beauty, delightful. I would live forever where I am, if it were mine to choose. There is not an evil except death that appals or sickens me. The daylight, and the air, and the interchange of social life, and simple health, are blessings enough, and give me but these, and mankind as they are, and much as the world is abused, I will take it for my portion while it endures.

With such thoughts passing in my mind, I walked away from the corpse to a window in the adjoining room. It opened on a flower-garden, and with my mind excited to the highest pitch, I stood breathing the scented air, and gazing intently on the stars. A sudden noise from the room in which the body lay startled me. It seemed to me like the struggle of animals or the beating of wings. Totally unable as I was in the rapid reflection of the moment to imagine the

cause, my courage half failed me. I was about waking my companions, who slept soundly in their chairs, when the thought of their probable fright and uselessness deterred me; and summoning my resolution, I entered the room. Everything was as I left it, but the noise was still there. The corpse lay unmoved, and the candles burnt clear; and though the noise was loud, in the confusion of my senses I stood doubting from what quarter it came. It grew louder, and my hair seemed absolutely to creep. Still louder—and then a plunge—and the fire-board was dashed down, and a large white cat sprang into the room, and was on the corpse in an instant. I had heard of the demoniacal appetite these animals have for the flesh of the dead, but though it flashed upon me immediately, it was a minute at least before I had sufficient strength to move. She had buried her claws deeply in the cheek and breast, and her white face was smeared with the blood when I seized her. She did not seem to be aware of my approach, and I had grasped her round the throat with both my hands before she took the least notice of me. Her claws were fastened in the sheet, and fearing to pull her off too roughly, I tried to choke her on the spot. The moment my fingers tightened, she sprang out of my hands with a suddenness for which I was not at all prepared, and flew into my face with the fury of a hyena. I succeeded after some struggling in seizing her again, and throwing her to the floor. I held her down with my feet till she strangled. A wild beast could not have shown a more desperate ferocity. My two fellow watchers, strangely enough, slept through it all. I went to the well, without waking them, and washed the blood from my hands, and composing the sheet as decently as I could over the desecrated body, I resumed my walk and my excited thoughts till morning.

I once had a friend who could never sleep at the full of the moon. If it was a clear night, he would draw the shutters, and stop every crevice in the windows to exclude the light, and pace the floor with a most troubled face till daylight. Sometimes it would seem too much to bear, and he would go out and ride furiously for hours, or row his skiff over the lake as if his life depended on his swiftness. While we were students together, I once made a Christmas visit with him at his father's, a wealthy landholder on one of the Western Lakes. The full of the moon came round, and it was as cold as mid-winter. It was fine sleighing, but the broad waters about us had frozen completely over since the fall of the snow, and had been safely crossed by adventurous passengers.

As I lay one night, wakeful with some uneasy thoughts, I heard my friend's voice in the next room, talking passionately with himself. A moment after, he came muttering into my chamber, and, evidently supposing me asleep, took down his skates which hung in the closet, and left the house. I dressed myself hastily, and took my own skates, and, descending to the shore-edge, found him as I expected, upon the ice. He turned his head as I stopped, but, accustomed to my presence at such times, he did not speak. As I fastened the last buckle around my ankle, he sprang upon his feet, and with the long safety rod in his hand (carried always in that part of the country as a security against the holes in the ice) he shot away down the Lake like the wind. We were both tall men and excellent skaters. The ice had frozen in a dead calm, and was without a flaw for miles along the shore, and with a strong westerly breeze directly in our backs, we skimmed it like birds. For the first mile or two I was occupied with the simple exhilaration of the exercise. The extreme polish of the ice sent us forward with very slight exertion at great speed, and it seemed to me as if we shot over the long shadows from the shore with a superhuman swiftness. We kept down, following the curve of the bank, where the water, from the shelter of the land, had frozen smoothest, till I saw by some marks familiar to me that we were ten miles from home. Still my companion led on. His strength seemed unabated, and leaning forward eagerly, he threw out his limbs in long and powerful strides, speaking not a word, nor even turning his head when we passed, as we did occasionally, the glare of a hunter's fire. I began to grow fatigued, but at the same time my interest in the adventure assumed a wildness which I tried in vain to shake off. The extreme rapidity of our motion, the dim haze of the moonlight, the partial distinctness of the naked trees on shore, and, when we crossed a longer shadow than usual, the transparency of the ice, reflecting every star as distinctly as a mirror far beneath us, all combined with the knowledge that I was following one who was wild with a mysterious fear, in exciting and bewildering my imagination. I could not speak to him. My heart rose in my throat at the effort. Another hour we skated on before the wind in silence. My limbs began to grow stiff, and obeyed mechanically and painfully the impulse of motion. Hill after hill went by, and I began to see more rarely the objects with which I had become familiar in my Summer excursions. We were getting beyond the point of my most adventurous voyages. The shore grew bolder and wilder, and the fires of

the hunters occurred more rarely, and still my companion's speed was unslackened. With my greatest efforts I could not overtake him. He was a better skater than I, and, with an instinctive quickness, he instantly apprehended my intention, and sprang on with increased velocity at the attempt. My eyes began to grow dizzy. I have an indistinct remembrance of skating on and on, long after I ceased to feel or notice anything but the necessity for following the figure before me, and I remember nothing more till I was awakened by a rough shake in broad daylight. The embers of a large fire were glowing round a stump near me, my friend lay soundly asleep with his head across my body, and through a break in the trees I could see the broad icy bosom of the Lake stretching away in the clear light of the morning with a look of almost interminable distance to the opposite shore. It was with some difficulty that I could stir. With the help of the hospitable hunter who had granted my friend's request for a shelter by his fire, I gained my feet, and after a walk of three or four miles to a farm house, procured a sleigh, with which, after a cold drive of forty miles we reached home at noon.

EVENING AFTER A STORM.

'Twas silent all—at twilight's close
 The blue depths slumbered 'neath the ocean ;
 Dew-drops were nestling in the rose,
 Like vespers on the heart. Devotion
 Seemed to have kissed all nature, while,
 In the lone glen, the waterfall
 Sounds like a voice from distant isle,
 Or like a wild girl's madrigal ;
 And in the sky the bright clouds seem
 Pure relics of an angel's dream.

Evening is lingering beauteously,
 And in the West the last light breathes
 Its rainbow smile, and o'er the sea
 The gray mist folds its gilded wreaths.
 Around the heavens is gathering fast
 Night's drapery ; yet still there stays
 One dear, one lingering glow—the last—
 As often in life's later days
 Some beauteous memories arise—
 Like that sweet smile ere daylight dies.

Such was the hour—the voice is still
Which swept yon arch, and madly loud
Leaped like an impulse o'er the hill,
Or trembled on the maniac cloud.
The bird of eve has plumed his wing,
And sailing on the fragrant breeze,
Or on his vine tree slumbering,
Drinks in the thousand harmonies,
Which float along o'er earth and sea,
In one sweet gush of melody.

The stars are gathering, and so fair
Upon the flowers the dew is glistening,
'Twould e'en appear a song were there,
Had we but fairy powers of listening.
And the still bosom of the sea
Reflects the spangled hosts of heaven,
In its cold heart so silently,
'Twould almost seem the power were given
To search beyond yon ether sky,
And gaze upon eternity.

Like that wild impulse, which oft springs
When leaving this cold world of ours,
And borrowing fancy's glorious wings,
We float to heaven on breaths of flowers,
And dreaming on that world unknown,
We roam from star to star along,
And list to catch one glorious tone,
One echo of the angel's song—
Oh! what elysium thus to be
One joyous hour on fancy's sea!

Oh! there are moments when the soul
Would lose of earthliness the dream,
Roam like the breeze without control,
And muse upon that Power Supreme,
Till wandering, half joy, half fear,
Her thoughts are in the blue sky sleeping,
And that glad music greets her ear,
As she her starlight path is keeping—
How glorious thus from earth to rise,
And read her index in the skies!

Beautiful is the evening's hour,
When the war-cloud is summoned back,
And Iris forms her prismatic bower
Where the wild lightning wheeled its track—
Yet there are hearts would idly dare,
While gazing on that starry crowd,
To doubt the Hand that guides them there,
And tinged with gold yon twilight cloud,
Who give to Chance the wondrous power
Of breathing beauty in a flower.

The Pirate's Death.

Be theirs a life with nought to bless—
 An age of cold and senseless hours!
 Their path one leafless wilderness
 Of phantom joys and withered flowers!
 For if there be a paradise
 To glad us here, it is to feel
 That all beneath those blue arched skies
 Has some sweet mystery to reveal—
 That every beautiful plant was given
 An embryo of some joy in Heaven.

THE PIRATE'S DEATH.

THE Summer breeze burst cheerily
 Upon the Spanish Main,
 The swelling canvass bowed the mast,
 And bowed it not in vain;
 For on before the blithesome wind
 The dancing vessel flew—
 Her prow with sparkling foam-stars gemmed
 The waves' transparent blue.

Good need had they for speed that day,
 For fleetness in the race,
 For close behind the pirate ship
 Another gave her chase—
 They gained upon the flying bark,
 And mounting to the mast,
 Up flew the rover's crimson flag,
 To stream upon the blast.

And thus the Pirate Chieftain said :—
 "Our race is not yet run,
 There's yet a voice to speak for us
 In thunder from the gun.
 The hearts that quailed not at the storm,
 In darkness and in night,
 'Midst falling spars and drooping masts,
 Shall shrink not from the fight.

"And should we fail—a noble death,
 A glorious grave is ours!
 We'll lay our war-torn frames amidst
 The ocean's coral bowers.
 The spirits of the land may sleep
 Where worms can mark their prey—
 Our grave shall be the pearly grot
 Where blue-eyed mermaids play.

"Then raise in scorn upon the air
The war-cry's thrilling breath,
We've hearts alike for weal or wo,
For Victory or Death.
When they can lure the eagle down
By showing him a chain,
Then may they bind the ocean-born—
The Monarch of the Main."

When Day went down upon the sea,
In his bright garb of flame,
To meet a bound and blood-stained man,
The scornful victor came;
For they had chained the ocean bird,
And broken his strong wing,
And now he met the frown of night,
A helpless, wounded thing.

"Aye—they may drag the eagle,"
The wounded Pirate said,
"And they may soil the once bright plume
That tossed upon his head;
But can they bid his haughty soul
Captivity survive?
No—let them heap his neck with chains,
They hold him not alive."

The victor paused without the cell—
The muttering died away—
He entered, and a bloody heap
Before his footstep lay.
He raised the cold and chain-bound hand—
It fell like stone again;
Their fetters could not bind to earth
The Monarch of the Main.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

TOM LASCELLES! walk in! Sit down there in that red morocco "lap-me-delightfully," and spread yourself upon the three adjacent chairs. Alfonse! Mr. Lascelles's hat. Ugo-lino! put up your long nose for those gloves and toss them upon the table. Steadily, Sir! steadily!—pshaw! Buckingham abuse you! Try again—one, two, three! up with them!—human fingers could not have done it more daintily.

And now, my dear dandy, how are you? Seeing your French gloves reminds me of the French Revolution. What a beautiful affair they made of it! Trouble yourself to imagine a

Paris dandy fighting for liberty with the characteristic equipment of a "rattan in one hand and a pistol in the other." Lovely, was it not? Vivian Gray must have been there. We shall have his next volume dated at the Hotel de Ville—Violet Fane fainting violently in the first chapter, and Essper George loading his master's pistols with the alacrity of a conjuror. (Take an olive.)

Do you see how the Editors abuse you? You are gazetted from Maine to Georgia. One barbarous fellow says you were at the Springs "laid up in broadcloth and lavender." Lavender, Tom! think of the atrocity of the slander! It was the only perfume, probably, the fellow ever heard of. Not a word! I admire your philosophy. You are like Democritus—*idem contemptui et admirationi habitus*. (Put that small ottoman under your *disjecta membra*.)

Have you read the Courier to-day? Mr. Buckingham tells a story of a Mrs. Hamilton, who, to use his own elegant and lucid English, attempted to "*foster* an illegitimate child on a Spanish Consul." I wonder how it was done. Possibly he meant to say "*foist*," but it's all one to him, I dare swear. "*Went gone*," he says, "is as good grammar as *went past*." He must have a grammar of his own—possibly the one spoken of in Elia, "for elderly gentlemen whose education commenced late."

What do you think I have been doing to-day? Reading a sermon, upon my honor. The finest writers of the language among us are clergymen—men who have studied Jeremy Taylor, and South, and Fuller, and all those rich and glowing old scholars, till they have become as rich and glowing as their models. Greenwood and Frothingham and Palfrey are the best writers of English in this country. And who knows it? Their select and clear language, their racy epithets, their sentences of harmony and force, are wasted on ephemeral sermons delivered to dull and injudicious ears—hearers of whom ninety in a hundred either do not know it from the town crier's Greek, or take it for bad taste! Here is a sermon now, by Frothingham. Never was a more beautiful specimen of English. It is published because it happens to be upon a theme of some local interest, and we are indebted to accident for it, entirely, of course. I give up my nap and Johannesburger of a Sunday afternoon henceforth. I'll go to church.

You are looking at my South American bird. Beautiful, is he not? That scarlet breast and those shining jet black wings—how splendid they are! So gracefully shaped too, like a fairy! And then his eye and beak have an expression

of such untamed ferocity! Magnificent fellow! The gentle hand that reared him might have tamed a wilder spirit than his. Look at his gaudy feathers, and his fiery eye, Lascelles, and contrast it for a moment with the simple taste and the long soft eyelashes and mild eye they remind you of. Pity that women have no wings! To say nothing of the pretty effect upon the figure, how delightful it would be to have them come and flit—stay an hour and take wing—in endless variety. I could be content to creep the earth with such a dispensation.

What is that equivocal looking piece of paper protruding from your waistcoat pocket? You handle it as gingerly as if it would burn your fingers. A red-hot sonnet, by this hand! Five verses!—and—can I believe my glass—in your own elegant chirography! Heaven forgive you, Tom Lascelles, for verse-making. Read it out:—

The world is not a perfect one,
All women are not wise or pretty,
All that are willing are not won—
More's the pity—more's the pity!
"Playing wall-flower's rather flat,"
L'Allegro or Penseroso—
Not that women care for that—
But oh they hate the slighting beau so!

Delia says my dancing's bad—
She's found it out since I have cut her;
Sue says wit I never had—
I said she "smelt of bread and butter."
Mrs. Million coldly bows
I did not think her baby "cunning;"
Gertrude says I've little "nous"—
I tired of her atrocious punning.

Tom's wife says my taste is vile—
I condemned her macaroni;
Miss McLush, my flirt awhile,
Hates me—I preferred her crony;
Isabella, Sarah Anne,
Fat Estella, and one other,
Call me an immoral man—
I have cut their drinking brother.

Thus it is—be only civil—
Dance with stupid, short and tall—
Know no line 'twixt saint and devil—
Spend your wit on fools and all—
Simper with the milk-and-waters—
Suffer bores and talk of caps—
Trot out people's awkward daughters—
You may scandal 'scape—perhaps!

But prefer the wise and pretty—
 Pass Reserve to dance with Wit—
 Let the slight be e'er so petty,
 Pride will never pardon it.
 Woman never yet refused
 Virtues to a seeming wooer—
 Woman never yet abused
 Him who had been civil to her.

Why, you devastating monster! How can you abuse the women so! To say nothing of the impertinence of your verses, and the probable dire indignation of "Fat Estella and one other," do you not know that the scandal of pretty women is the loveliest little contrivance in the world for keeping a man famous! What would become of you if you were not abused? Some good-for-nothing novelist says—"Many a man owes his success in life to the unceasing and perhaps unknown endeavors of some devoted and perhaps unrequited heart." For *devoted* write *piqued*, and you have a sentiment worthy of Bruyère. I bless the gods for every new edition of a slander. It shows one to be worth trouble. Your assiduous jackass is always the popular creature.

And talking of jackasses, I heard an epigram yesterday on seeing Jeffrey, the Scotch critic, riding into Edinburgh on that animal:—

"As great a demagogue as Gracchus,
 As witty as Horatius Flaccus,
 As short but not as fat as Bacchus,
 Riding on a little jackass!"

An epigram is like an olive (take another)—a thing for which a taste must be acquired. There is a fine relish about a good one to a discriminating lover of such things. It was an excellent one made upon Lord Dalhousie when he ordered the Plains of Abraham to be ploughed and sown:—

Some care for honor, others care for groats,
 Here Wolfe reaped glory and Dalhousie *oats*.

Did you ever see a book called *Fitful Fancies*, by W. Kennedy? I am told he is the same man who wrote "*My Early Days*"—one of the most fresh and natural books ever written. Here is his poetry in the exquisite letter of an English press. Let me read you a specimen:—

"Twixt orbs of the banned and spheres of the blest,
 A Seraph had taken her airy rest;
 She heard a strange whisper of mourning and mirth,
 And asked whence it came of the wandering Earth?
 "At an angel's summons I may not pause—
 Pierce through my cloud-robe and know the cause:
 Man's a stern Hunter!"

The mad old world went whirling on,
The Seraph breathed, and the clouds were gone ;
The clouds were gone, and she saw below
An innocent thing in a vest of snow ;
*A dove that through sunshine shot with glee
To its home in the heart of a pleasant tree.*
"Now speed thee, bright creature!" the Seraph said;
Ere the words were spoken the dove lay dead ;
And loud was the laugh that exultingly
Rose from the foot of the pleasant tree.

Man's a stern Hunter!

The Seraph turned, with a holy frown,
To the wooded haunts of a mountain brown:
With a fetterless step, a stately deer
There bounded in beauty that saw no peer ;
It browsed on the red moss, it drank of the spring,
It pained not, it grieved not a living thing ;
And the pure one hoped that its days might be
From harm, as its nature from evil, free.
The mountain echoes swelled thundering 'round
To the Forester's shout at the deer's last bound.

Man's a stern Hunter!

O sad was her heart as that wild halloo
From hill-side to hill-side redoubling flew ;
Her clear glance settled, far, far away,
On a place remote from the glare of day,
There were tall trees above, and deep waters below,
With breast never heaving to ebb or to flow ;
And in that most tranquil element,
Of curious colors serenely blent,
Numberless rare shapes of life were seen,
Grateful and glad that they ever had been ;
The smile of the Seraph shed light on the lake,
And she wished it repose for its children's sake.
The song of the Fisher is heard on the land,
And death is at work on the harmless band.

Man's a stern Hunter!

From heaths of the hill, from depths of the glen,
Her eye sought for peace 'mong the homes of men ;
It fixed on a silent and lovely spot,
Where the blue wreath spun from a lonely cot,
Two children of Adam, of equal age,
There passed through the days of their pilgrimage.
*They were fair as the lilies they flung at each other,
And both were the pride of a single mother.*
"Be blessed!" prayed the daughter of Heaven.—A scream
Was heard by the little cot's garden stream ;
Of the twain on its bank there remained but one,
And he grinned like a fiend at a dark deed done.
"Oh! wo for this world of mourning and mirth!"
Sighed the Seraph, and fled from the aspect of earth.

Man's a stern Hunter!

That is as feeling and beautiful a presentment of the real truth of that subject as ever was written. I never could conceive how a person should not be disgusted and shocked by the tortures inflicted upon game. If there were any danger about it—if the fish or the bird had fair play and means of defence—there might be a color of nobleness in fowling and angling. But to go out solemnly equipped to shoot a little inoffensive bird, or draw a diminutive fish from the water and throw it on the bank to gasp helplessly to death, are amusements of which I never yet could comprehend the dignity or the humanity. Let such animals be killed as are necessary for our support, but let it be the butcher's or the fowler's or the fisherman's business—not the amusement of refined men. I would as soon pluck from my heart the power of feeling poetry as the sensibility to animal pain; and I should feel that I was made a savage as much by one loss as the other. I once shot a deer, and I took a solemn vow in my heart that I would never again level a gun at a living creature. I was travelling on foot on the banks of the Susquehanna, when he came stepping out from the woods to drink—a stately fellow with immense antlers, looking like the monarch of the wilderness from which he emerged. He made a single leap into the air when the bullet struck him, and fell mortally wounded. I stood over him till he died—an hour at least—and in that whole time he never took his large beautiful liquid eye from me. I should not forget its reproach if I were to live a century.

Tom! don't you dearly love a ballad?—a free, dashing, natural ballad, direct and descriptive, at once romantic and simple, as nothing else ever could be, and stirring your heart up “like the sound of a trumpet?” Here is one from these Fitful Fancies. Listen:—

A jolly comrade in the port, a fearless mate at sea;
When I forget thee, to my hand false may the cutlass be!
And may my gallant battle-flag be stricken down in shame,
If, when the social can goes round, I fail to pledge thy name!
Up, up, my lads! his memory! we'll give it with a cheer—
Ned Bolton, the commander of the Black Snake privateer!

Poor Ned! he had a heart of steel, with neither flaw nor speck;
Firm as a rock, in strife or storm, he stood the quarter-deck;
He was, I trow, a welcome man to many an Indian dame,
And Spanish planters crossed themselves at whisper of his name;
But now, Jamaica girls may weep—rich Dons securely smile—
His bark will take no prize again, nor e'er touch Indian isle!

'S blood! 'twas a sorry fate he met on his own mother wave—
The foe far off, the storm asleep, and yet to find a grave!
With store of the Peruvian gold, and spirit of the cane,
No need would he have had to cruise in tropic climes again:
But some are born to sink at sea, and some to hang on shore,
And Fortune cried, God speed! at last, and welcomed Ned no more.

'Twas off the coast of Mexico—the tale is bitter brief—
The Black Snake, under press of sail, stuck fast upon a reef—
Upon a cutting coral-reef, scarce a good league from land,
But hundreds, both of horse and foot, were ranged upon the strand;
His boats were lost before Cape Horn, and, with an old canoe,
Even had he numbered ten for one, what could Ned Bolton do?

Six days and nights the vessel lay upon the coral-reef,
Nor favoring gale, nor friendly flag brought prospect of relief;
For a land breeze, the wild one prayed, who never prayed before,
And when it came not at his call, he bit his lip and swore.
The Spaniards shouted from the beach, but did not venture near,
Too well they knew the mettle of the daring privateer!

A calm! a calm! a hopeless calm! the red sun burning high,
Glared blisteringly and wearily in a transparent sky;
The grog went round the gasping crew, and loudly rose the song,
The only pastime at an hour when rest seemed far too long.
So boisterously they took their rouse upon the crowded deck—
They looked like men who had escaped, not feared, a sudden wreck.

Up sprung the breeze the seventh day—away! away! to sea
Drifted the bark, with riven planks, over the waters free;
Their battle-flag these rovers bold then hoisted topmast high,
And to the swarthy foe sent back a fierce defying cry.
“One last broadside!” Ned Bolton cried—deep boomed the cannon’s roar,
And echo’s hollow growl returned an answer from the shore.

The thundering gun, the broken song, the mad, tumultuous cheer
Ceased not, so long as ocean spared the shattered privateer.
I saw her—I—she shot by me, like lightning, in the gale,
We strove to save, we tacked, and fast we slackened all our sail—
I knew the wave of Ned’s right hand—farewell! you strive in vain!
And he, or one of his ship’s crew, ne’er entered port again!

Most spirited, is it not? It must have been a bold heart in
which those free numbers were coined. Here is something
in a different vein:—

Below the cheerful surface of the earth,
Within a dank and dismal charnel-vault,
I sat a lonely watcher. It was still
Beyond what dead men’s homes are used to be.
Forgetful of the upper air and eve
Of Summer, dozed in heaviness the bat;
The toad lay torpid in its slimy lair,

The briny drippings of the arch had ceased,
 And even the ravening worm, gorged at length,
 Paused for a little from its loathsome feast,
 And coiled itself within a putrid bower.

Coffins lay 'round me with their mouldering heaps;
 There were such multitudes I could not guess
 How many there might be; for, though a light
 Of subtile vivid green, unnatural,
 Proceeding whence the dead alone could tell,
 Made nearer things to vision palpable,
 Yet, in the far-off distance of the vault,
 That strained the sight to measure, this strange light,
 Faded in darkness, which, with it compared,
 Seemed holy.

But of all I gazed on there,
 Two forms divorced from life, and in a niche
 Placed near each other, though most opposite
 In what, on earth, do wide distinction make,
 Sex, and the term of years, and outward pomp,
 Fixed my especial wonder. They did lie
 Raised high above their gloomy tomb-fellows;
 Lids there were none on their sarcophagi,
 Which showed like variance in the workmanship
 As, in their aspects, those who slept within.
 The one contained a corpse of hideous feature,
 On which disease, and time, and cruel passions
 Had wrought their worst. 'Twas once an aged man,
 And life's vain splendor cleaved unto him still;
 Stones the most precious mocked the rigid brow,
 Rich swathings, from the cunning Indian's loom
 Encompassed him; and of the burnished gold
 His grave bed, broad and massy, had been framed.
 The other, a thin shell of common wood,
 Girt in white weeds, what erst had been a maid—
 A village girl, nipped in her April beauty
 By freezing, pitiless Death. 'Twas my fate
 To watch, perforce, beside this fearful pair.
 Sudden the elfin light of ghastly green
 Forsook the distant windings of the vault,
 And settled, with a hateful brilliancy,
 In the same niche where the two corpses lay.
 Then rose the strangest music ever heard
 By ear of living man. It was so low
 I could not say I felt the silence broken,
 And yet it pierced the inmost core of sense,
 Thrilling with joy, most like a pleasant madness.
 The author of that wondrous minstrelsy
 Showed, I doubt not, his potence in the scene
 Which followed at its close.

As I expect
 To meet my Maker at a judgment-seat,
 With the last note of awful melody,

I saw the rich-clad corpse of the old man
Sit upright in the coffin ; yet no more
Of life in its grim visage than had been
Heretofore, save that now two glairy eyes,
Mashed by foul putrefaction, were unveiled,
And they did rest upon the clay-cold girl,
Who, as if stirred by an all-powerful spell,
Rose likewise in her shroud, and bared the things
Which once received God's blessed light, and gave
Gladness to all they looked on. Then there came
Voices from out the blue lips of the twain,
Speaking that I dare not repeat, what fiends
Alone could utter in their damned mirth ;
But what the theme was I may tell—'twas love !
Ay, love from gelid corpses !

The old man,
Rich clad, did seem to call on the young maid,
Cinctured in humble cerements, to partake
His gorgeous coffin as a bridal bed.
Long communed they, with monstrous form of speech,
As lovers in perdition's pit might commune,
Till she, the maid, consented to be his,
Then flamed, to paining, the thin light of green.
I closed my eyes just while a star might twinkle ;
The old corpse and the young lay side by side,
In the broad grave bed of red burnished gold,
When they were oped again.

The thin green light waxed dim ;
But, by its fading gleam, I saw the pair,
Embedded in their rottenness, embrace,
And heard the meeting of their clammy lips,
And a hell-peal rung to their wedding joys ;
And I did shriek, even as a dying man,
Whose last word is despair ! and then awoke,
And blessed myself, wiping my cold damp brow.

It was high noon. Loud chimed the village bells,
With merry music, on my waking ear,
And to the question—"Why these sounds of mirth?"
There came a quick reply—"Master, Od's pity!
You o'erslept yourself! sure the cross old Squire,
Who coins an oath for each day i' the year,
This morn, in spite of his fast friend, the gout,
And summers seventy notched upon his front,
Led to the church the parson's youngest daughter,
The pretty mistress Jane. Her father's poor,
And if she love another, as some say,
Why she can marry him when old one's gone."
My dream—my dream—my horrid dream—was read !

What would you take to have such an imagination as that ?
What would tempt you to have such a charnel house film over

your eye that a common event should dress itself, as you looked upon it, in such infernal colors? What a world the man must live in, if the other malapropisms of this ill-assorted planet strike him with similar impressions! I should like to borrow his spectacles, to read the *Courier* for instance. I dare be sworn now, that the simple good nature of Mr. Buckingham would look vastly like something else through them! Possibly his mild and genial criticisms would seem slightly bitter and envious—and I shouldn't be the thunderstruck if even the open and upright look with which the kind old Scissors meets you, were to look plaguily like one's idea of a certain gentleman whom it is not polite to mention. If there is one man in this world whom I love more than another it is that Editor. There is such a singular modesty in his productions. He never goes beyond his depth in a criticism. His whole learning lies in his dictionary and his grammar, and, with a wise diffidence, he never ventures beyond them. Verbal criticism is his hobby, and he rides it with a most amusing pertinacity. To be sure it is a little ludicrous sometimes to see with what a sublime independence he sticks to the letter of the rule—despising common usage, exceptions, idioms and other elegant but superfluous licenses which all the rest of the world admits—but this is amply redeemed by the good sense with which he abstains from the least shadow of a criticism upon the other qualities of literature—showing, that, though people *will* be impertinent enough to say he has neither learning, imagination nor feeling, he has the magnanimous discretion not to set himself up as a judge of either. Kind old gentleman!—he is very fond of talking to me about my poetry. The other day, I met him and told him by way of making some answer to his civilities, that I had written something I should like to have him copy into the *Courier*. He not only granted the favor, but, with an excusable vanity in my acquaintance, mentioned that I requested it, and embellished it with some of his dictionary criticisms. I positively sat through his oration last week from simple gratitude, though I will say (in your ear) that if he had obliged me ten times as much I should consider the debt cancelled by my sufferings. (Pass the Johannisburgh!)

LET me read you an extract or two from a delightful Poem which you never saw. I can scarce find a person who has read Croly's *Angel of the World*, though there is an American edition of it, and it is one of the most beautiful things in the language. You know the story, of course. An angel having

spoken arrogantly of his power to resist the temptations yielded to by man, was sent to the earth to give proof of his virtue. These passages describe some of his temptations. He has relieved the distress of a female pilgrim :—

The weeper raised the veil ; a ruby lip
First dawn'd : then glow'd the young cheek's deeper hue,
Yet delicate as roses when they dip
Their odorous blossoms in the morning dew.
Then beam'd the eyes, twin stars of living blue ;
Half shaded by the curls of glossy hair,
That turned to golden as the light wind threw
Their clusters in the western golden glare.
Yet was her blue eye dim, for tears were standing there.

He look'd upon her, and her hurried gaze
Was at his look dropp'd instant on the ground ;
But o'er her cheek of beauty rushed a blaze,
Her bosom heaved above its silken bound,
As if the soul had felt some sudden wound.
He looked again ; the cheek was deadly pale ;
The bosom sank with one long sigh profound ;
Yet still one lily hand upheld her veil,
And one still press'd her heart—that sigh told all its tale.

She stoop'd, and from the thicket plucked a flower,
Kiss'd it with eager lip, then with faint hand
Laid it upon the bright step of the bower ;
Such was the ancient custom of the land.
Her sighs were richer than the rose they fann'd,
The breezes swept it to the angel's feet ;
Yet even that sweet slight boon, 'twas Heaven's command,
He must not touch, from her though doubly sweet,
No earthly gift must stain that hallowed judgment-seat.

The flower still lay upon the splendid spot,
The Pilgrim turn'd away as smote with shame ;
Her eye a glance of self-upbraiding shot,
That pierced his bosom like a shaft of flame.
The humble one pronounced and bless'd his name,
Cross'd her white arms, and slowly bade farewell.
A sudden faintness o'er the Angel came ;
The voice rose sweet and solemn as a spell,
She bowed her face to Earth, and o'er it dropp'd her veil.

Still knelt the Suppliant cover'd with her veil,
But all her beauty living on his eye,
Still sunny bright the clustering ringlets fell
Around her forehead's polish'd ivory,
Her hidden cheek was still the rose-bud's dye,
He heard her parting sigh beside him swell,
He glanced around—no Spirit hover'd nigh.
He took the flower, and blushing, sighed "farewell."
What sound has stunned his ear ? A sudden thunder peal.

A vision warns him of his danger, and the story proceeds :—

The Angel's heart was thrilled—but that touch'd flower,
Now opening, breathed such fragrance subtly sweet,
That he still held it,—felt it overpower
His soul—he ventured not her eye to meet,
But gazed upon the small unsandal'd feet
That shone like silver on the floor of rose—
At length he raised his glance ;—the veil's light net
Had floated backwards from her pencil'd brows,
Her eye was fix'd in melancholy, mild repose.

A simple Syrian lyre was on her breast,
And on her lip the voice hung murmuring
An evening hymn, which from the mountain's crest
The Angel oft had heard the shepherds sing.
She paused,—her white hand floated o'er the string,
Like the Aurelia o'er the hyacinth's bell,
Like lilies waving in the airs of Spring,
Then woke its inmost soul's enchanting swell.
The thunder nearer roll'd :—the Angel heard no peal.

He heard not even the strain, though it had changed
From the calm sweetness of the holy hymn :
His thoughts from depth to depth unconscious ranged,
Yet all within was dizzy, strange and dim ;
A mist seem'd spreading between Heaven and him ;
He sat absorb'd in dreams :—a searching tone
Came on his ear, oh how her dark eyes swim
Who breath'd that echo of a heart undone,
The song of early joys, delicious, dear, and gone !

The Angel felt his madness, waved his hand
To bid her leave the arbor—and arose :
But nearer still the Minstrel took her stand,
Impassion'd beauty on her young cheek glows ;
In a sweet, tender smile her lips disclose
The pearly teeth—her form of symmetry
Bends like a rose stem, when the zephyr blows ;
And though her voice is trembling as a sigh,
Love triumphs in her smile and fond delicious eye.

At once the strain awoke—wild, potent, grand,
The praise of hearts that scorn the world's control,
Disdaining all but Love's delicious band,
The chain of gold and flowers, the tie of soul.
She stopp'd—strange paleness o'er her beauty stole,
She glanced above, then sank her glowing eye,
Blue as the star that glitter'd by the pole ;
One tear-drop gleam'd, her quick hand dash'd it by,
She dropp'd the lyre, and turn'd—as if she turn'd to die.

Another warning is magnificently described, and the temptation goes on again :—

The Angel knew the warning of that storm ;
But saw the shuddering Minstrel's step draw near,
And felt the whole deep witchery of her form,
Her sigh was music's echo to his ear ;
He loved—and true love ever banished fear,
Now night had droop'd on earth her raven wing ;
But in the arbor all was splendor clear ;
And like twin spirits in its charmed ring
Shone, that sweet child of earth, and that star diadem'd King.

For, whether 'twas the light's unusual glow,
Or that some natural change had on her come,
Her look, though lovely still, was loftier now,
Her tender cheek was flushed with brighter bloom ;
Yet in her azure eye there gathered gloom,
Like evening's clouds across its own blue star,
Then would a sudden flash its depths illumine ;
And wore she but the wing and gemm'd tiar,
She seemed instinct with power to make the clouds her car.

She slowly raised her arm, that, bright as snow,
Gleam'd like a rising meteor through the air,
Shedding white lustre on her turban'd brow ;
She gazed on Heaven, as wrapt in solemn prayer ;
She still look'd woman, but more proudly fair ;
And as she stood and pointed to the sky,
With that fixed look of loveliness and care,
The Angel thought, and check'd it with a sigh,
He saw some Spirit fallen from immortality.

The silent prayer was done, and now she moved
Faint to his footstool, and, upon her knee,
Besought her lord, if in his Heaven they loved,
That, as she never more his face must see,
She there might pledge her heart's fidelity.
She turn'd and pluck'd a cluster from the vine,
And o'er a chalice waved it, with a sigh,
Then, with bow'd forehead, rear'd before the shrine
The crystal cup. The Angel rose in wrath—'twas wine !

She stood ; she shrank ; she totter'd. Down he sprang,
With one hand clasp'd her waist, with one upheld
The vase—his ears with giddy murmurs rang ;
His eye upon her dying cheek was spell'd ;
He glanced upon the brim, its bright draught swell'd
Like liquid rose, its odor touch'd his brain ;
He knew his ruin, but his soul was quell'd ;
He shudder'd—gazed upon her cheek again,
Press'd her pale lip, and to the last that cup did drain.

Th' Enchantress smil'd, as still in some sweet dream,
Then waken'd in a long, delicious sigh,
And on the bending Spirit fixed the beam
Of her deep, dewy, melancholy eye.

The undone Angel gave no more reply,
 Than hiding his pale forehead in the hair
 That floated on her neck of ivory,
 And breathless pressing, with her ringlets fair,
 From his bright eyes the tears of passion and despair.

And once, 'twas but a moment, on her cheek
 He gave a glance, then sank his hurried eye,
 And press'd it closer on her dazzling neck ;
 But even in that swift gaze he could espy
 A look that made his heart's blood backwards fly.
 Was it a dream ? there echoed in his ear
 A stinging tone—a laugh of mockery !
 It was a dream—it must be. Oh ! that fear,
 When the heart longs to know, what it is death to hear.

He glanced again—her eye was upward still,
 Fixed on the stooping of that burning car ;
 But through his bosom shot an arrowy thrill,
 To see its solemn, stern, unearthly glare ;
 She stood a statue of sublime despair,
 But on her lip sat scorn. His spirit froze—
 His footstep reel'd—his wan lip gasp'd for air ;
 She felt his throb—and o'er him stoop'd with brows
 As evening sweet, and kiss'd him with a lip of rose.

Again she was all beauty, and they stood
 Still fonder clasp'd, and gazing with the eye
 Of famine gazing on the poison'd food
 That it must feed on, or abstaining, die.
 There was between them now nor tear nor sigh ;
 Their's was the deep communion of the soul ;
 Passion's absorbing, bitter luxury ;
 What was to them or Heaven or Earth, the whole
 Was in that fatal spot, where they stood sad and sole.

Th' Enchantress first shook off the silent trance ;
 And in a voice sweet as the murmuring
 Of Summer streams beneath the moonlight's glance,
 Besought the desperate one to spread the wing
 Beyond the power of his vindictive King.
 Slave to her slightest word, he raised his plume,
 A purple cloud, and stood in act to spring
 Thro' that fierce upward sea of storm and gloom ;
 She wildly kiss'd his hand, and sank, as in a tomb.

The Angel cheer'd her, " No ! let Justice wreak
 Its wrath upon them both, or him alone."
 A flush of love's pure crimson lit her cheek ;
 She whisper'd, and his stoop'd ear drank the tone
 With mad delight :—" Oh, there is one way, one,
 To save us both. Are there not mighty words
 Graved on the magnet-throne where Solomon
 Sits, ever guarded by the Genii swords,
 To give thy servant wings like her resplendent lord's ?

This was the sin of sins! the first, last crime,
In Earth and Heaven, unnamed, unnamable;
This from his gorgeous throne, before all time,
Had smitten Eblis, brightest, first that fell;
He started back—"What urged him to rebel?
What led that soft seducer to his bower?
Could *she* have laid upon his soul that spell,
Young, lovely, fond; yet but an earthly flower?"
But for that fatal cup he had been free that hour.

But still its draught was fever in his blood;
He caught the upward, humble, weeping gleam
Of woman's eye, by passion all subdued;
He sigh'd, and at his sigh he saw it beam;
Oh! the sweet frenzy of the lover's dream;
A moment's lingering, and they both must die.
The lightning round them shot a broader stream;
He felt her clasp his knees in agony;
He spoke the words of might—the thunder gave reply!

Is it not surprising that the world can let such a poem as that alone?—that the author, in this country of reading and observing people, should scarce have been heard of by one in a hundred even of the professed lovers of poetry. I have rarely seen a person who had read the *Angel of the World*. I have never found one, not absolutely a literary man, who had read Wilson's *Isle of Palms*—another perfect "*Gem of Giamschid*." Croly has written many books—all of them extraordinary, *Salathiel*, and an interpretation of the *Apocalypse*, and several others—and his mind is one of the most glowing and gorgeous and powerful that have ever lived, and yet rarely in England, and never in America, is he criticized, or even alluded to. What is reputation worth, if the atrocious rhymes that are brought daily to us in a thousand periodicals are read and lauded, and such golden and precious poetry as this lies unspoken of on the shelves!

Do you like Bowring? (spare me the pun, Tom, or I die!) Here is a new volume of translations from his literally *currente calamo*—the *Poetry of the Magyars*—if my geography is not rusty, one of the Hungarian tribes. How singular it is to read the poetry of a strange people. (How interesting, for example, would be an *Annual from the Moon*, or an amatory poem from *Venus*, or a thunder and lightning epic from *Mars* or *Lucifer*!) I turned through the leaves of this book with the sort of curiosity I should have felt if it had come down tied to a meteorite. I know nothing of the people, their language, or their habits, and it struck me, oddly enough, as a little remarkable that a race of poets should have existed any-

where upon the face of the same world without our knowing it, and as no less remarkable, though natural enough when you reason upon it, that the poetry after all should be just like our own—wrought with the same figures and drawn from the same objects by the same processes of thought. In one of the old English dramatists, Webster I think, is the following passage :—

“ Upon a time Reputation, Love and Death
Would travel through the world : and 'twas concluded
That they should part and take three several ways.
Death told them they should find him in great battles
Or cities plagued with plagues : Love gives them counsel
To enquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,
Where dowries were not talk'd of ; and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred that had nothing left
By their dead parents ; stay, quoth Reputation,
Do not forsake me, for it is my nature
If once I part from any man I meet
I am never found again.”

Who would not have called the following a plagiarism from the above, if it had been written originally in English. It is a fable by Raday Gedeon, a Magyar poet :—

I was a boy and heard this pretty story :
That Wind and Water played with Reputation
At hide-and-seek together.

The Water rushed adown the mountain passes,
But was discovered after long pursuing
In the deep valleys.

The Wind flew upwards :
But it was followed to the mountain summits,
And soon entrapped there.

Then Reputation was to be imprisoned,
And Reputation whispered
In a sonorous voice to her companions ;
“ Know, if you lose me—know, if once I hide me,
I'm lost forever.

And so it was—she hid her ; all enquiry
Was wasted in the seeking ;
Nothing can renovate that perished treasure,
If thou have lost it—thou hast lost *all* with it.

Here is another fable I should not be at a loss to apply, by Baroti David :—

Once, heaven's feathered inhabitants, aping the manners of mortals,
Swore they would make them a monarch. So they all gathered together:
Great was the noise, and unbounded the strife, and loud the confusion.
Lastly, they all agreed, and every one promised obedience;
He who the highest can soar 'midst the lofty clouds of heaven—
He shall be king. 'Twas said—and each, on pinions ambitious,
Urged his upward flight—but the mightier influence of Phœbus
Depressed them down to earth. Some fluttered in midway regions;
Some were exhausted and fell; some rose aloft like an arrow,
And like an arrow they sunk. Passion and power brought weakness—
Weakness and dire defeat—and all earth's face was covered,
And all the lower skies, with the wrecks of pride and presumption.
Lost in the crowd, the small Wren looked on in destitute sadness:
Poor little flutterer! how should he hope to soar over his brethren?
Who would have thought that his cunning would serve him in trial far
better—
Better than strength? You shall hear how ingenious his dextrous devices;
The Eagle was rising aloft—he sprung on his wing, till he mounted
High in the clouds—through the clouds; while the little Wren, silently
crouching,
Rose with the Eagle, and saw the combatants vanquished beneath them—
Heard their loud voices which cried—All hail to our Sovereign and Ruler!
Pride is too confident oft, and slippery the footsteps of monarchs.
Perched on his pinions, the Wren soon stole all his honors imperial;
When he could speed no higher, the little Wren sprung from the Eagle—
Sprung, and singing, still soared, and claimed the homage of subjects.

I like sometimes to see a single thought in a single verse
by itself. It is like a gem simply set. Here is a beautiful
simile standing alone:—

Love, my sweet Lidi! resembles the fugitive shadows of morning;
Shorter and shorter they grow, and at length disappear.
Friendship—our friendship—is like the beautiful shadows of evening,
Spreading and growing till life and its light pass away.

I am inclined to think that the solemn and philosophical poetry which is so popular now, is not a natural taste. I have never seen the early poetry of any people which was not exclusively upon what is called light subjects—mainly love. In the list of Magyar poets there is but one who writes otherwise, Charles Kisfaludy, whose principal production is a piece in stately measure, called the Ages of Life. He has one fine simile that takes my eye here. Speaking of the hero, he says:—

*"Trembles? He trembles as the granite trembles
Lashed by the waves."*

Rather fine, that. The following, however, a Dancing Song, is a fairer specimen of the taste of the Magyars:—

Lads! come hasten to the ball!
 See the lasses waiting all;
 Shake your feet and form the line:
 See the maidens! Bring the wine!
 Life is strung with pearls.

Hark! the spurs are tinkling sweet,
*Csizmas** echo on the feet;
 Feet and hands move joyously,
 And the dance is full of glee:
 Life is strung with pearls.

Where the smiling maidens be,
 There the happy youths we see;
 Up and down the waving row,
 With Tartarian† steps they go:
 Life is full of pearls.

Woman! thou whose spring is past,
 Join the dance, though 'twere the last;
 Bask thee in the genial heat,
 Warm thy heart, and shake thy feet:
 Life is full of pearls.

One of the best books lately written, from one of the best minds in the country, is that dingy looking novel lying under your hand. The "Shoshonee Valley," as a mass of descriptions, is unequalled, I really think, by anything in modern literature. Mr. Flint is a geologist of the first water—crowded, beyond the scope of language, with the inexpressible enthusiasm necessary and peculiar to that grand science; and he is a poet by nature and culture—though more by the former than the latter. The winter residence of the Shoshonees, the limestone palace on the Sewasserna, is, if a fable, worthy of Milton, and if a real description, selected and wrought up with a felicity and skill scarcely less admirable. The language would have been magniloquent and inflated, if the objects it embodies to your eye were not entirely beyond the wildest conceptions of natural grandeur and loveliness. The moment he touches upon common scenes, his style is inapt and overloaded, and his incidents ungraceful and out of place. It is a constant relief to turn over a page or two and come at the pictures of natural scenery. Listen to this description:—

"The country of their compact and actual settlement is a vale, than which the earth cannot show one more beautiful or more secluded, the vale of the Sewasserna. This stream, in which the poets would have

* The *csizmas* or boots of the Hungarians.

† The irruption of the Tartars in the time of Bela the Fourth, has still left its influences on the manners and language of the Magyars.

placed the crystal caves of the Naiads of the ancient days, comes winding down in a clear, full, strong, and yet equable and gentle tide, from the mountains. Up its pure and ice-formed waters ascend, in their season, countless numbers of the finest salmon; and in its deep and circling eddies play trout, pike, carp, tench, and all the varieties of fish of cold mountain rivers. The Indian, as he glides down the stream, sees the shining rocks at the bottom, covered with tresses of green waving moss, at the depth of twenty feet. This circumstance, along with its transparency, unquestionably furnishes the etymology of its name, which imports the sea green river. Streaked bass, shiners, gold fishes, and beautiful and undescribed finny tribes, dart from their coverts along the white sand, flit from the shadow of the descending canoe, or turn their green and gold to the light, as they fan, as it were, with their purple wings, or repose in the sun-beams that find their way through the branches that overhang the banks.

A splendid variety of wild ducks, the glossy gray mallard, the beautiful blue winged teal, the green crested widgeon, the little active dippers, the brilliant white diver, appropriate to those waters, in numbers and diversities which the naturalist only could class, the solitary loon, raising lugubrious and ill-omened note in unsocial seclusion, the stately swan, sailing in his pride and milky lustre slowly along the stream, the tall sand hill crane, looking at a distance precisely like a miniature camel, the white pelican with his immense pouch in front, innumerable flocks of various species of geese, in short an unknown variety of water-fowls with their admirable sailing structures, their brilliant variegated and oiled vestments, their singular languages and cries, were seen gliding among the trees, pattering their broad bills amidst the grasses and weeds on the shores; or, roused by the intrusion of man among them, their wings whistle by in two disparting flocks, the one tending up, and the other down the stream.

It would be useless to think of enumerating the strange and gay birds, that sing, play, build, chide and flutter among the branches of the huge sycamores and peccans. Among the more conspicuous is the splendid purple cardinal, with its glossy and changeable lustre of black crest, the gold colored oriole, looking down into its long, hanging nest, the flamingo darting up the stream, like an arrow of flame, the little peacock of trees, the wakona, or bird of paradise, the party-colored jay, screaming its harsh notes, as in every portion of our continent, the red winged wood-pecker, 'tapping the hollow beech tree,' the ortolan in countless flocks, in plumage of the most exquisite softness of deep, shining black, the paroquets with their shrill screams, and their splendor of green and gold, numberless humming birds, plunging their needle-shaped bills into the bignonia, bustards, grouse, turkies, partridges, in a word an infinite variety of those beautiful and happy tenants of the forest and the prairie, that are formed to sing through their transient, but happy day among the branches.

The mountains, on either side of the valley, tower into a countless variety of peaks, cones, and inaccessible rocky elevations, from six to ten thousand feet high. More than half of them are covered with the accumulated snows and ices of centuries, which, glittering in mid air, show in the sunbeams in awful contrast with the black and rugged precipices, that arrest the clouds. From these sources pour down the thousand mountain torrents, that fill the Sewasserna with waters of such coldness, that, even in the high heats of summer, if you bend from your position under the shade of the peccan, and dip your hand in the water, thus collected from numberless and nameless mountains, the invigorating chill is, as if you plunged it in ice-water. The rocks, cliffs and boulders, partly of granite

and partly of volcanic character, black and rugged in some places; in others porphyritic, needle, or spire shaped, shoot up into the pinnacles, domes and towers, and still in other places, lie heaped up in huge masses, as though shook by earthquakes from the summits, where they had originally defied the storms; and now show, as the ruins of a world. Yet between these savage and terrific peaks, unvisited, except by the screaming eagle, are seen the most secluded and sweet valleys in the world. Here and there appear circular clumps of hemlocks, spruces, mountain cedars, silver firs, and above all the glorious Norwegian pines. They dot the prairie in other places, showing like a level cultivated meadow, covered with a rich and short grass, an infinite variety of plants and flowers, among which wild sage, ladies' slippers, columbines, and blue violets are the most conspicuous. The breeze that is borne down from the mountains, always sighs through these ever-green thickets, playing, as it were, the deep and incessant voluntary of nature to the Divinity. Under the dark brown shade of these noble trees repose, or browse, elk, antelopes and mountain sheep. In numerous little lakes and ponds, where the trout spring up and dart upon the fly and grasshopper, the verdure of the shores is charmingly re-painted, in contrast with the threatening and savage sublimity of the mountain, whose summits shoot down as deep in the abyss, as they stand forth high in the air. As you turn your eyes from the landscape, so faithfully pencilled on these sleeping waters, to see the substance of these shadows, the view dazzled with the radiance of the sun-beams, playing on the perpetual snows in the regions of mid air, reposes with solace and delight on the deep blue of the sky, that is seen between, undimmed, except by the occasional passing of the bald eagle, or falcon hawks, as they cross your horizon, sailing slowly from the summit of one mountain to another.

In a valley of this sort, spreading ten leagues in length, from south to north, and sustaining an average width of a league, dwelt the Shoshonee, and their subdued allies, the Shienne. Beside the bisection of the Sewasserna, it is separated into two regular belts, or terrace plains. The partition between the two terraces is a prodigious, brilliant colored lime stone wall, rising fifty paces east of the Sewasserna, which meanders through the valley from south to north, seeking its junction with the Oregon. This singular wall, from a tradition, that a large party of Black-feet savages were driven, after a severe defeat, to leap it in their escape from their foe, and in which leap more than fifty of them were dashed in pieces, is called in Shoshonee *Wes-ton-tchalee*, or the fatal leap. It has a general elevation of at least three hundred feet; and shoots up among the hemlocks and cedars into turrets, pinnacles, spires, cupolas and cones, as though here were the remains of some ancient and depopulated city, with its temples and towers, defying time in everlasting stone. Conforming to a common analogy of such walls, when they form the bluff of a river in an alluvial valley, it had an immense curvature within, and the summit projected in the form of a half arch, nearly a hundred feet beyond the perpendicular of the base, forming for a distance of many miles an alcove of inexpressible grandeur, shielded from all the inclemencies of the seasons, except in front, and even that was walled in with the ever-green branches and the lofty columns of hemlocks and pines, of a thickness and depth of verdure, to create a solemn twilight at noon day. One would think, that the very court and throne of echo was held in this vast rotunda. The solemn and swelling whisper of the breeze, as it rose and sunk away in the ever-greens, was magnified here to the anthem stops of an organ. The traveller in the wilderness sees a thousand places where Nature

has method in her seeming play. The showing in this strange spot was, as of a succession of ancient castles and alcoves, the grandeur and extent of which mocked all the petty contrivances of human art.

The Shoshonee and Shienne, with a tact and calculation very unlike the general heedlessness and want of forecast of the savages, had selected their winter, and what might be called their permanent habitations, in this noble range of rotundas. Trees, with straight and branchless shafts of an hundred feet, marked the divisions between family and family. A frame of wicker work within corresponded with the divisions, and extended to the base. The ceiling was of bark, and wrought with that dexterity and neatness, which that people always put in requisition, when they intend ornament. Vistas, cut at regular intervals through the thicket and quite to the banks of the Sewasserna, at once gave light to the dwellings, furnished a view and a path to the river and the green and open plain on the opposite bank, and marked off the bounds and the compartments of the different families. Screens of beautifully painted rush work were sometimes used to exclude the inclemency of some of the winter days. But, such was the depth and security of the shelter from the extremes of heat, or cold, such the extent of the provision in this work of nature for habitancy, that the temperature in this generally equable climate must be severe indeed, when artificial exclusion of the cold, or kindling of fires was necessary for comfort. Such were their winter dwellings. Their summer houses were on the upper belt, overhung by the eastern mountains on the right, and looking down upon the Sewasserna and the green vale below on the left. Here they pitched large and cone-shaped tents, neatly formed either of rushes or buffalo skins. The terrace above was an alluvial plain of a soil still richer, and of a mould still blacker and more tender, than that below. Noble peccan and persimon trees shaded their tents. Pawpaw shrubberies marked off their limits in long squares; and here, amidst a profusion of wild flowers, and under the embowering foliage of wild grape vines, they passed their summers. At present they dwelt secure from the fear of any foe. But it had not always been so. The Indians of the remote north united with the Blackfeet, and finding friends in their immediate neighbors, the Shienne, had formerly been formidable enemies; and in the days of their forefathers, rude ladders had been formed by thongs of hide, and, appended from the hemlock trunks above, had constituted a rope ladder, by which, when danger was apprehended, they fled from their summer tents to their ropes, and, like opossums, evading their pursuers, they all dropped in a few moments to the unassailable fastnesses of their winter retreats.

Nature furnished them with inexhaustible supplies of prairie potatoes and other esculent roots, grapes, wild fruits, and strawberries. In summer they speared an ample supply of salmon, with which the Sewasserna abounded, pickled their buffalo humps and tongues, and smoked and jerked their elk and deer's flesh and hams. Sea fowl, turkies, bustards, and the smaller kinds of game and fresh venison rarely failed them at any period of the year. But in the winter their provisions all laid in, their tallow, their seal and sea lion's oil provided for lights, and in addition, a huge supply of the splinters of fat pine, they gave themselves up to visiting, journeys of amusement, trapping the otter, beaver and muskrat, and just so much hunting, as furnished fresh venison, and offered diversion. The vast alcove, that arched over them, defied the storms; and during the the long evenings, was brightly illuminated by the burning pine, and their lamp, formed of the large purple sea-shells. Here the old men smoked, talked over the story of their young days, and settled in council, when the

moon of flowers should return, whether they had best pursue seals in the great salt lake, or scale the mountains, and follow the buffalo over the measureless verdure of the Missouri prairies. The young men and women sat apart, and whispered, and laughed and made appointments, and circulated scandal, and managed love much in the same way, and to the same effect, as white people in the towns during the same season."

The heroine of the tale is Jessy Weldon, the daughter of a settler, born and bred among the Shoshonees—as exquisite a creature as the most fastidious imagination could desire. Her father is a man of taste and learning—who has retired in disgust from society, and she naturally refines out of the sphere of her Indian lover Areskoui, the young Chief of the tribe. The struggle in her mind is beautifully told. Areskoui's mother has advised him to plead with her for her love openly :—

"Such counsel was too pleasant to the young warrior, not to be immediately put in practice. Accordingly, as they were soon left alone, in returning together from angling in an adjacent lake, he startled her by abruptly saying, 'Wakona, my sister, thy eye discerneth everything, like that of the Wah-condah; and thou needest not be told, that thy brother loveth thee, not as the cold, pale faces love—but with the truth and fervor of red men. Couldst thou return my love, and confine thy thoughts to me and these mountains, as my mother to my father, I should be happier than the spirits of the free and the brave in the land of souls. Bird of paradise, thou canst not bear the brightness of the daughters of the sun in thy face, and cruelty to thy suffering brother, who has played with thee from infancy, in thy heart.'

With many a strong figure, with much vehement adjuration, with earnest appeals to their solitude spent together, to the tenderness of their early years, to the friendship of their parents, and his power to protect her, did the young chief paint the depth of his love and despair, with an energy and eloquence inspired only by truth and nature. His proud eye quailed as he spoke; and filled with unwonted moisture, and the vehemence of his feelings shook his whole frame, as he ceased, and apparently waited her reply.

What a trial for this inexperienced girl! True, she had in some way divined, that such a disclosure from him was to be feared. It brought the paleness of death to her cheek, and her eye filled with tears, for the young chief was to her, as a brother. 'Why Areskoui,' she replied, in words interpreted by the tumultuous thoughts that rushed upon her, 'why not remain, as thou hast been, without speaking such words, and without these looks, that terrify me! Why wilt thou cause thy sister to dread thee, by speech and action so strange and new? The only use of such wild and unkind behaviour will be to cause thy sister henceforward to avoid thee.'

The sight of the companion of his infancy in tears was one that no training of his mother could bring him to sustain. He timidly took her hand. 'Pardon,' he said, 'pardon this one fault, Wakona; and the heart of thy brother shall break before I vex thee again with my foolish words.'

She gave him the accustomed sign of pardon among his people, as she received his burning hand, and masked his visible agony and effort at self-

control. In proof, that he had conquered for this time, he tore himself away from her, and left her alone. 'He has a noble and good heart,' she thought, 'and is worthy to govern this people, and able to protect my parents and me. Why have I sent him away in sorrow? Why not become to him, what he desires?' She knew but too well her father's wishes. She was not incapable of the views presented by expediency. She began distinctly to contemplate the object for the first time; and made efforts to think of him, as she had reason to suppose, would be agreeable to her father, and the avoidance of future trouble and danger to herself. But though her young thoughts were sufficiently vague, she could not bring herself to the near contemplation of such a relation. It was night fall. The breezy breath of the south fanned her, as it discoursed solemn music in the pines, under which she sat herself down. The oriole sang sweetly in the branches; and a thousand birds were hymning the requiem of the fading day. New ideas had received birth, and undiscovered fountains of feeling had been ruffled. Vague thoughts arose within her, that there might be of her own race some of those noble and machless ones, equally perfect in form and mind, adding to all the native nobleness of Areskouï, polish, accomplishments and discipline, as much superior to hers, as that was superior to his. Of such peerless men she had read in her father's romances. Her own brilliant and glowing imagination had added a thousand colors from its own treasures. The round and silver orb of the moon began to be visible over the misty summits of the mountains. As she steadily contemplated the queen of night, marching along the blue firmament, intensely occupied with her own imaginings, she almost waited to see one of those noble forms arise with the moon and descend towards the valley. She tasked the utmost effort of her fancy to sketch resemblances of those wise, heroic and amiable men, with whom it might be pleasant to spend a life, in the relation of which Areskouï had spoken. By comparing the members of her small circle, among whom Areskouï was the most interesting, she could form associations more or less pleasant with the idea of more distant relations with them. But to spend life in the most intimate of all the ties of affection with either! Her heart withered at the idea. 'Oh!' she thought, 'that I could compare for myself, and see, if all these seductive pictures are not an illusion; and if life be not a cold and heartless mockery of the affections, passed as well with one as another.'

There is a splendid description of a passage up the Sewaserna, made in periogues by a party of traders and two young men adventuring in their company. I wish I had time to read it all to you. They had heard of the beauty of the "Wakona," as the Indians called her, and on their arrival, make the family a visit, which is delightfully described.

Mr. Flint succeeds better in everything than in colloquial scenes. The conversations between the younger characters, are, with the exception of those between Jessy and Areskouï, out of taste—the attempts at pleasantry particularly. There are one or two delightful episodes in the volume, one of which, the attachment of Elder Wood to the "Singing-bird" his Indian mistress, is peculiarly touching and beautiful. Few

books, altogether, have given me so much pleasure, and if I could get an edition of it better printed, it should be put on my shelf of gems.

A RAP! Enter, the "devil!" The suspicious looking document in the hand of that innocent blackness, Tom, is a proof-sheet. You shall look at it for a curiosity. Like eating your dinner and never thinking of the death the chicken has died, you read your new book and never dream of the number of times the author has seen it murdered before his eyes. It is the life of Tantalus to oversee one's own thoughts while getting into print. The vile impression on vile paper, with the villainous blunders committed by the devil, (who is no devil—for he misspells French and never understands Latin) are so far like the sinner in the fable, and when it is printed wrong at last, as it often is, the analogy is perfect. In the Magazine of this month, for instance (this very one, dear Reader—pray take your pencil and correct after me) on page 444, 28th line, the word *out* is put for *by education*, and on page 440, 12th line, the word *learning* for *leaning*—two most provoking blunders, inasmuch as they are not so bad as to give the reader any impression but that the writer wrote abominable English.

THAT pretty affair before you is the "Youth's Keepsake"—the very best of the annuals for its perfect taste and good keeping. The engravings are singularly well selected and beautiful, and the literary part truly excellent. The prettiest thing in the book is Mrs. Child's story of the Indolent Fairy:—

"Once there was a little fairy remarkable for her impatience and indolence. They are generally a busy little race; but as there are drones in a beehive, so there have been, as it is said, lazy fairies. I will call her Papillon; because she dearly loved to be dressed in gaudy colors, to sleep in the rich chambers of the Fox-glove, and flutter over the fragrant Mignonette. In truth, she was a luxurious little fairy as ever the sun shone upon; and so much did she love her ease, that she would not even gather a dew-drop to bathe her face, or seek a fresh petal of the rose for a napkin.

The queen of the fairies observed the faults of Papillon, and resolved to correct them. She summoned her one day, and ordered her to go to a cavern in Ceylon, and there remain until she had fashioned a purer and more brilliant diamond than had ever rested on the brow of mortal or fairy. Papillon bowed in silence, and withdrew; but when she was out of the presence of the queen, she burst into a passionate flood of tears. 'Months and months, and years and years, I shall have to watch that diamond,' said she; 'and every day I must turn it over with my wand, that the crystals may all form even. Oh, it is an endless labor to make a diamond! Oh, dear, oh, dear, I am a most wretched fairy.'

Thus she sat, and sobbed, and murmured, for many minutes; then she jumped up, and stamped her foot on the ground so furiously, that the little blue-eyed grass trembled. 'I won't endure it,' she said. 'I won't live under the authority of such a tyrant any longer. I will go and live among the fairies of the air. I am sure they will glory in my beauty, and willingly be slaves to my pleasure. As for making a diamond, it is an impossible thing for such a little fairy as I am.' As she looked up, she caught a glance of her image reflected in a brook; and she saw that the splendid green of her wings was changed, and that the silver spots were all dim; for if the fairies indulge any evil passions, their wings always droop, and their beauty fades. At this sight, Papillon again wept aloud with vexation and shame. 'I suppose the tyrant thinks I will not go away in this plight,' said she; 'but I will go out of spite; just to let her see I don't care for her.' As she spoke, the silver spots disappeared entirely, and her wings became a deeper and dirtier brown. She waved her wand impatiently, and called—

'Humming bird! humming bird, come nigh, come nigh,
And carry me off to the far blue sky!'

In an instant the bird was at her feet; and she sprang upon his back, and they flew away to the golden clouds of the West, where the queen of the air-fairies held her court. At her approach the queen and all her train vanished; for they saw by her garments that wicked feelings had been busy at her heart, and that she was in disgrace at home.

Everything around her was beautiful. The clouds hung like a transparent tissue of opal, and the floor was paved with fragments of the rainbow, thousands of gorgeous birds fluttered in the sunlight, and a multitude of voices filled the air with sweet sounds. Papillon, fatigued with the journey, and lulled by the music, fell into a gentle slumber; and as she slept, she dreamed that a tiny bird, smaller even than the humming bird, was building its nest beside her. Straw after straw, and shred after shred, the patient little creature brought and fitted into its place; and then away she flew, far over the hills and fields, to bring a fresh supply. 'She is a foolish little thing,' muttered Papillon. 'How much labor she takes upon herself; and she never will get it done, after all.' But the bird worked away diligently, and never stopped to think how long it would take her; and very soon she finished a warm, soft nest, fit for a fairy to sleep in.

Papillon peeped into it, and exclaimed, 'Oh, what a pretty thing!' Immediately she heard the tinkling of a guitar, and a clear voice singing—

'Little by little the bird builds her nest.'

She started up and the queen of the air-fairies stood before her, in a robe of azure gossamer, embroidered with the feathers of the butterfly. 'Foolish fairy,' she said, 'return to your own queen. We allow no idlers about our court. Time and patience can accomplish all things. Go, make your diamond, and you shall then be welcome here.'

Papillon was about to remonstrate, by urging how very, very long it took to make a diamond; but the queen flew away, touching her guitar, and singing—

'Little by little the bird builds her nest.'

Papillon leaned her head upon her wand for a few minutes. She began to be ashamed of being an indolent fairy; and she felt half disposed to set

about her appointed task cheerfully. She called the humming bird, and returned to earth. She alighted on the banks of 'Bonnie Doon,' close by the verdant little mound where her offended queen resided. Near her the bees were at work in a crystal hive. Weary and sad at heart, she watched them as they dipped into the flowers to gather their little load of pollen. 'I wish I was as industrious,' thought she; 'but as for the diamond, it is in vain to think of it. I should never get it done.'

Then a delightful strain came from within the mound, and she heard a whole chorus of voices singing—

'Grain by grain the bee builds her cell.'

Papillon could have wept when she heard these familiar voices; for she longed to be at home, dancing on the green sward with her sister fairies. 'I will make the diamond,' murmured she; 'I shall get it done some time or other; and I can fly home every night, to join in the dance and sleep among the flowers.' Then a strain of joyful music rose on the air; and she heard—

'Welcome sister, welcome home!
Soon the appointed task is done.'

Alas! bad habits are not easily cured. Papillon again began to think how hard she should have to work, and how many times she must turn the crystals, and how far she must fly to join her companions in the dance. 'I never can do it,' said she; 'I will go to the queen of the ocean-fairies and see if her service is not easier.'

Mournful notes came from within the mound, as Papillon turned toward the sea shore; but she kept on her course; and when she came to the beach, she waved her wand thrice, saying—

'Argonaut! Argonaut! come to me,
And carry me through the cold green sea!'

A delicate pearly boat floated along the ocean, and a moment after a wave landed it at her feet. And down, down they went; the dolphin guarded them, and the sharks and the sea-serpents feared to cross the fairy's path.

The argonaut rested in a coral grove among the lone islands of the Pacific. Magnificent was the palace of the ocean queen! Coral pillars were twisted in a thousand beautiful forms; pearls hung in deep festoons among the arches; the fan-coral and the sea-moss were formed into cool, deep bowers; and the hard, sandy floor was tessellated with many-colored shells.

But as it had been in the air, so was it in the ocean; the palace was deserted at the approach of the stranger.

'Oh, how beautiful is all this!' exclaimed Papillon. 'How much more beautiful than our queen's flowery arbor. The giants must have made these pillars!' As she spoke, her eyes were nearly blinded by a swarm of almost invisible insects; and she saw them rest on a half finished coral pillar at a little distance. While she looked and wondered, there was a sound as of many Tritons blowing their horns, and she heard the chorus—

'Mite by mite the insect builds her coral bower!'

The sound came nearer and nearer; and a hundred fairies floating on beautiful shells drew near. At their head was the queen, clothed in a

full robe of wave-colored silk, just taken from the loom of her blind manufacturer.* It was as thin as the spider's web, and the border was gracefully wrought with the tiniest pearls. 'Foolish Papillon, return to your duty,' said she. 'We allow no idlers about our court. Look at the pillars of my palace! They were made by creatures smaller than yourself; labor and patience did it all!'

She waved her wand, and the hundred shells floated away; and ever and anon they sung in full chorus—

'Mite by mite the insect builds her coral bower!'

'Well,' said Papillon, sighing, 'all are busy—on the earth, in the air, in the water. I will make my diamond; and it shall be so brilliant that our queen will be proud to wear it in her hair.'

Papillon sought the deep caverns of Ceylon. Day by day she worked as busy as the coral insect. She grew very cheerful and happy; her green wings resumed their lustre, and the silver spots became so bright that they seemed like sparks of fire. Never had she been half so beautiful; never half so much beloved. After several years had passed away, Papillon, proud of her treasure, knelt at the feet of her queen, and offered her diamond. It was splendid beyond anything earth had ever produced. It is still among the regalia of the fairies; and to this day they distinguish it by the name of Papillon's diamond."

And now I shall read you my own verses—*imprimis*, because they are mine, and nobody else's verses are half so important to me, and secondly, because one of the best lines is spoiled by a misprint, and I wish naturally to correct it. This was written as an illustration of an exquisite engraving of a Child Tired of Play:—

Tired of play! Tired of play!
What hast thou done this livelong day?
The birds are hushed, and so is the bee,
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree,
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves—
Twilight gathers and day is done—
How hast thou spent it—beautiful one?

Playing? But what hast thou done beside,
To tell thy mother at eventide?
What promise of morn is left unbroken?
What kind word to thy playmates spoken?
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven?
How with thy faults has duty striven?
What hast thou learned by field and hill—
By greenwood path and by singing rill?

* The Pinna, commonly called ocean's silkworm. In Sicily various articles are manufactured from this silk.

There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired—but not of play!
When thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and an aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep,
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.

Well were it then if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now—
Well for thee if thy lip could tell
A tale like this of a day spent well.
If thine open hand hath relieved distress—
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness—
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
And humbled thy heart with penitence—
If Nature's voices have spoken to thee
With their holy meanings eloquently—
If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove,
And never a sad, low-spoken word
Hath plead with thy human heart unheard—
Then, when the night steals on as now,
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,
And with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

The next is for a picture of a Boy-artist—one of the prettiest things I ever saw:—

A boy!—yet in his eye you trace
The watchfulness of graver years,
And tales are in that serious face
Of feelings early steeped in tears;
And in that tranquil gaze
There lingers many a thought unsaid—
Shadows of other days
Whose hours with shapes of beauty came and fled.

And sometimes it is even so—
The spirit ripens in the germ,
The new-sealed fountains overflow,
The bright wings tremble in the worm.
The soul detects some passing token,
Some emblem of a brighter world,
And, with its shell of clay unbroken,
Its shining pinions are unfurled,
And, like a blessed dream,
Phantoms, apparelled from the sky,
Athwart its vision stream—
As if the light of Heaven had touched its gifted eye.

'Tis strange how childhood's simple words
Interpret Nature's mystic book—
How it will listen to the birds,
And ponder on the running brook,

As if its spirit fed !
And strange that we remember not,
Who fill its eye and weave its lot,
How lightly it were led
Back to the home which it has scarce forgot.

I do not think very well of the Token this year. Lord Vapourcourt is a good story, and the Adventurer, by Mr. Neal, is well told, but both the engravings and the literature of the book, it strikes me, are exceedingly inferior. Mr. Thatcher, a bold and striking poet, closes the book with some fine verses, however, and the Author of Tales of the North West has written a spirited thing for one of the best engravings. My judgment, to be candid, may not be fair, for Mr. Goodrich has spoiled all my pieces by his schoolboy alterations, and it vexes me. He has made me talk of my "*pensive* heart"—a word that is as good as a pill to me at any time—and has cut down an irregular verse, upon the harmonious adjustment of which I spent a day and a half, to make it jingle like Watts's Psalms and his own verses. "The City Pigeon," thank him, he has let alone, and the "Blind Mother" has escaped as well as could be expected.

HAVE you read Pike's "Hymns to the Gods," which have appeared in the last Numbers of the Magazine? There are passages in them of as high poetry as has been written in this country. It was a beautiful vein to strike—for what are the Gods of Mythology but the great elements of nature?—(some stupid fellow talks about the triteness of them) and Mr. Pike's treatment of them has shown, with some eccentricity of thought, a philosophy as fervent and searching as Shelley's himself. You cannot show me more beautiful poetry than some of those passages I have printed in Italics. The great beauty of them (and it is the great difference between genius and mediocrity) is the selectness of the epithets and their fine descriptiveness. Park Benjamin is a writer of this description—a master of a full, heightened, and yet scholar-like and classical style. I have a piece of his in my drawer, written on a picture of Lake Geneva by moonlight. Here it is:—

Geneva ! colored with the glorious light
That genius from her magic fountain throws ;
The unrolled splendors of the sapphire night,
Are on the frostings of thy Alpine snows,
And o'er thy vales with emerald verdure bright,
And on thy glittering roofs, the picture shows—
A scene that erst beneath a tempest sky
In awful grandeur met Child Harold's eye !

There, Jura lifts his bared brow to the storm,
 With star-lit diadem and icy zone,
 And vassal clouds that throng around his form—
 The misty drapery of his rock-piled throne;
 And winds, from out their lowly caverns warm,
 Sweep coldly up with reverential moan,
 To do high homage to their mountain king,
And then come rushing back on frozen wing.

There, too, Lake Lemman, beautifully clear,
 Sleeps in the stillness of unbroken rest,
 While mountains, stars and palaces appear
 In softer lustre on her silver breast.
 Oh, I can almost dream I faintly hear
 From some far bark, with silken pinions drest,
 A sweet, strange melody in sadness float,
 Like the white cygnet's first, yet dying note.

And o'er the margin of the sloping shore
Leans the rude fisher with extended line,
 Regardless of the star-enamell'd floor
 So placid in its workmanship divine,
 But on his cottage window gazing more,
 Where the dim rushlight by his babes doth shine—
 Deeming one look upon their closed eyes
 Worth all the splendors of a Paradise.

* * * *

How strangely mingled! All that's soft and grand
 And beautiful in Nature, she bestows
 On this loved spot with unretaining hand.
See, how the moon-shafts shiver on the snows
Of Jura's hills! how the vine-covered land
 Beneath their feet in dark luxuriance glows—
 How clear the water—how undimmed the air—
 And, over all, the glorious Heaven—how fair!

WHAT a beautiful piece of mechanism Sprague's Poem is! He is certainly a master of verse—an ear as fine as Ariel's, and a mind as clear and distinct as daylight. This is the first effort of his at irregular verse, since his magnificent Shakspeare Ode, and little practised as he must be in the different changes of such measure, he has succeeded wonderfully. The theme is not a very attractive one after the eternal discussion to which it has been subjected, and I will not read to you from it. It will be a fine study for you when you wish a specimen of severe purity of style and illustration.

WHAT! going? I meant to have talked over the Phi Beta Kappa performances with you this morning. Mr. Dewey's Oration is worthy of the scholar and enthusiast he is. Let me read you a single passage:—

"What, then, is poetry? The common answer would be that it is some peculiar gift, some intellectual effluence, distinct, not merely in form, not merely in rhythm, but essentially and in its very nature distinct from all prose writings. Its numbers are mystic numbers; its themes are above us, and away from us, in the clouds, or in the hues of the distant landscape; it is at war with the realities of life, and it is especially afraid of logic. It is using no extravagant language, it is committing no vulgar mistake to say, that poetry is regarded as a kind of "peculiar trade and mystery," nay, in a sense beyond that of this technical language, as a real and absolute mystery. In one of the most distinguished journals of the day, we find a writer complaining after this sort. "Poetry," says he, "the workings of genius itself, which, in all times, and with one or another meaning, has been called inspiration and held to be mysterious and inscrutable, is no longer without its scientific exposition." And why, let us ask, why should it be without its exposition?—ay, and if there were any such thing as a science of criticism among us (for the truth is, there is a great deal less of it than there was in the days of Addison and Johnson) I would say its scientific exposition? What is poetry? What is this mysterious thing, but one form in which human nature expresses itself? What is it but embodying, what is it but "showing up," in all its moods, from the lowliest to the loftiest, the same deep and impassioned, but universal mind, which is alike and equally the theme of philosophy? What does poetry tell us, but that which was already in our own hearts? What are all its intermingled lights and shadows; what are its gorgeous clouds of imagery, and the hues of its distant landscapes; what are its bright and blessed visions, and its dark pictures of sorrow and passion, but the varied reflection of the beautiful and holy, and yet overshadowed, and marred, and afflicted nature within us? And how then is poetry any more inscrutable than our own hearts are inscrutable! To whom or to what, let us ask again, does poetry address itself? To what, in its heroic ballads, in its epic song, in its humbler verse, in its strains of love, or pity, or indignation,—to what does it speak, but to human nature, but to the common mind of all the world? And its noblest productions, its *Iliads*, its *Hamlets* and *Lears*, the whole world has understood,—the rude and the refined, the anchorite and the throng of men. There is poetry in real life, and in the humblest life; and in this, if it may not misbecome me to say so, is one of the noblest of our English poets right; though in the application of his theory, I would venture to assert, with the same reservation for my modesty, that he has sometimes made the most lamentable, not to say ludicrous mistakes. There is "unwritten poetry;" there is poetry in prose; there is poetry in all living hearts."

Mr. Mellen's Poem has fine, very fine parts in it, though written with a carelessness unaccountable in a man so proverbially critical and tasteful. He has been handled very severely all round for it, to say nothing of the downright blackguardism of the *Courier*. That criticism, however, was so palpably the work of spite and personal hatred that it would not have annoyed me at all. How true it is, as old Burton says, that "some critics are like bees gathering only honey, and others like spiders extracting only poison."

ONE of the most elegantly printed books I have seen, (English or American) is Mr. Wetmore's just published volume of Poems.

It is from the press of the Carvills, and does both them and the author credit. I have taken occasion before to speak highly of Mr. Wetmore's abilities, and I think he has lost nothing in bringing his fugitive poems together. The whole affair is a feather in the caps of the Gothamites.

Look at that New York American! There is the whole of my "Pencillings by the Way" extracted—two columns or more—and not only no credit given, but the little honor it carries with it given to another paper. "The following airy and graceful sketches," says he, "are from the Philadelphia Inquirer," and proceeds to quote them without further comment. Cool enough, that! If my friend Carl (jr.) does not make the *amende honorable* in his next paper I'll write an epigram on him every month till he dies.

So—you *will* abandon the Editor's Table. Well—good night. Alfonse, light Mr. Lascelles down! Ugolino! shut the door!

